Hints *from* Squints

HENRY R. PATTENGILL

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Your '06 valentine

A. R. P.

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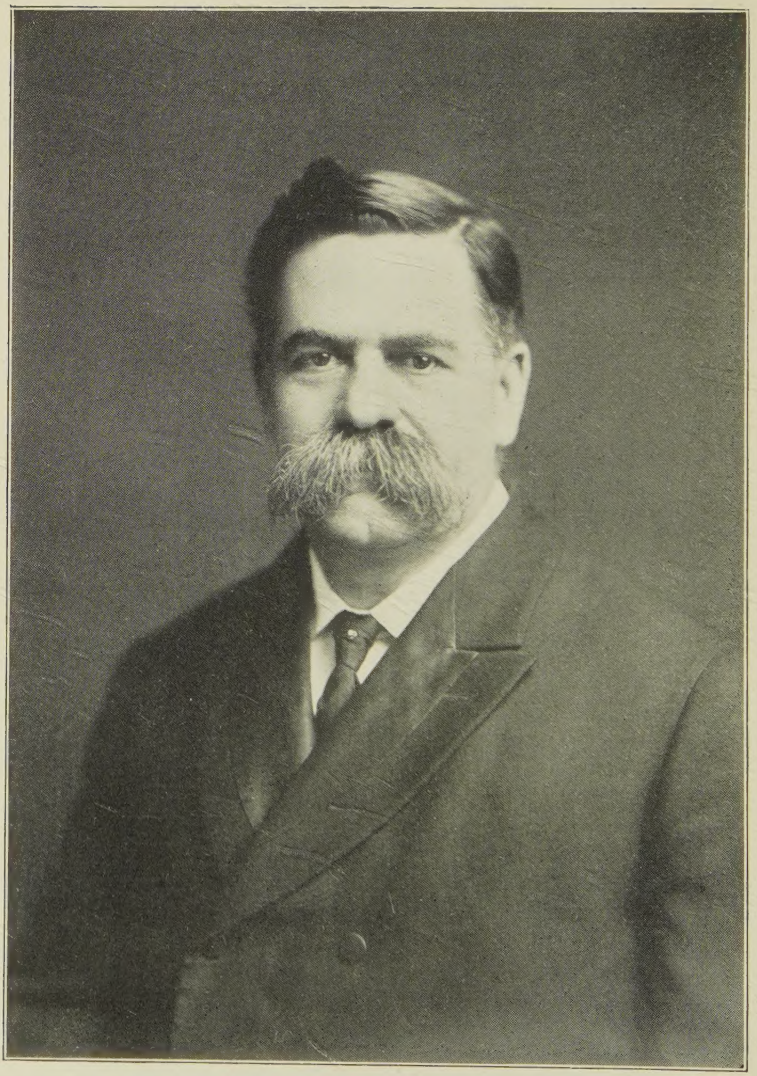

Yours for keeps
Henry R. Pattengill.

Hints from Squints

A BOOK OF

FUN AND FODDER, GUMPTION AND GIMP
PEDAGOGY AND PHILANTHROPY
MORALS AND MANNERS

BY

HENRY R. PATTENGILL

Editor Moderator-Topics, Author and Publisher of Manual of Orthography, Old Glory Speaker, Civil Government of Michigan, Michigan Cards, Special Day Exercises, Song Knapsack, Pat's Pick

LANSING, MICHIGAN

God be thanked that there are some in this world to whose hearts the barnacles will not cling.

—J. G. Holland.

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FOREWORD.

This book is not exhaustive, and 'tis hoped not exhausting. There are now plenty of logical, methodical, pedagogical volumes; and while the world of readers is catching up with the world of writers, there may be room for just a little digestive relish. Many a suggestion comes from the glance aside. Something not in line of our work comes suddenly into view; its appearance calls up a suggestion. 'Tis a hint from a squint. Squints come as we run in a hit and miss order, the hints follow. Many of them have their life lesson.

The author has merely sought to classify the hints for convenience. Should there be in the book things the reader doesn't like, think of the thousand things that come into the writer's head which he does not publish, and forgive him for the insertion of the things you do not like.

We have no excuse to offer for the lighter vein of the book. Should there be a mirth provoking sentence or paragraph to lighten life's burden, give rest to the weary, cause a hearty, diaphragm bouncing, liver invigorating laugh, we are glad of it. It is good sense, good pedagogy, good religion.

Should the reading suggest some mighty good things that would find companionship in these pages forward them as your hint for the next edition,

HENRY R. PATTENGILL,

1905. Lansing, Mich.

HINTS COMICAL.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth up the bones."—*Proverbs.*

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Snore, and you sleep alone."—*Hegel.*

SHORT RIB TICKLERS.

What becomes of the righteous?
Everlasting bliss.
What becomes of the wicked?
Everlasting blister.

Some people cannot make themselves comfortable without sitting down on somebody else.

"O, mama," cried little Bob one day, "when you stroke pussy's fur this way, you can feel the electricity, and, when you put your ear down, you can hear her trolley!"

"What a red beard you have! How does that happen?"
"Well, you see, it is very wiry, and when I wash my face it rusts."

First Deaf-mute—"What are you going to bed with those boxing gloves on for?"
Second Deaf-mute—"So I can't talk in my sleep."

He who Mrs. to take a kiss,
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

Grit makes the Man,
The want of it the Chump.
The men who win
Hang on and Hump.

"Generally speaking women are—"
"Yes they are."
"Are what?"
"Generally speaking."

College-bred is sometimes a four years' loaf.

"A skeleton," said a little tot in school, twisting her apron in her fingers, "is a man who has his insides outside and his outsides off."

Since cigarets seem less provoking
Unto the ones who do the smoking,
O, won't some power please compel 'em
To smell themselves as others smell 'em?

Man is like a kerosene lamp,
He isn't especially bright.
He's often turned down; usually smokes;
And frequently goes out at night.

He: O, L N, U R O K.
She: O, I B, B I? N U, U R A J.
He: O B E Z, L N, D R.
She: O G! U R N G. C?

—The Kindergarten Review.

City Visitor—Is your butter and milk Pasteurized?
Farmer—Well, we pasturized our cows all summer, but we're givin' 'em fodder now.

"How much did Romeo?" asked the would-be funny girl in the balcony. "Well," replied her escort, "that depends on what Juliet."

Inquisitive Person—"What are those peculiar looking things?"

Dealer—"Pressed family skeletons for the closets of flat dwellers."

"When Doogan doied, his fri'nds sint a floral piece entoitled 'Gates Ajar.'" "Phwat did his inimies do?" "They got th' florist to make anuther un awn call ut 'Pl'ase Close th' Door.'"

Little girl—Does your mother tell your father to spank you when you misbehave?

Little boy—Nope; mother's an independent operator.

Although the boy ne'er learned to spell,
His future wasn't wrecked;
He simply used quotation marks
And wrote in dialect.

The conductor cried, "Look out!" A Frenchman looked out and had his head bumped. "What for you say, 'look out' when you mean look in?" So we say a man has "lost his temper" when he evidently has just found it.

Teacher—What month has 28 days in it?

Pupil—All of them.

Teacher—Name four animals of the frigid zone?

Pupil—Four polar bears and one seal.

"Rock candy! rock candy!" yelled the train boy. "Haven't any teeth," curtly said an elderly passenger. "Gum drops, gum drops!" sang out the quick-witted train butcher.

Two colored women met on the corner, and the following dialogue took place: "Hello, Liz! Wha' yo' gwine?"

"I ain't gwine nowha,; I'se jes' bin wha' I'se gwine."—Columbia Jester.

Teacher—What's a fort, Tommy?

Tommy—A place for soldiers.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, can you tell me what a fortress is?

Johnny—A place for soldier's wives.

Jones—How did you come to fall in?

Smith—I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish.

MIGHTY SMALL SAMPLE CASE.

A learned, and somewhat morose man sat in the car. A traveling man, spying the seat beside him vacant, asked: "Can you divvy?" He was met by a cold stare. He ventured again, "Will you whack up?" The occupant of the seat moved along and looked out the window. "Well, how's business?" said the knight of the grip as he adjusted his rotund form into that portion of the seat ungraciously made vacant. "All right," was the taciturn grunt. "Collections good?" "Yes," was snapped out in a manner to shut off further approach. "What line do you carry, hardware?" asked the not-to-be-squelched traveler. "No, brains," said Sir Erudite. "Well, you carry a darn small sample case," and the conversation closed.

"PARENTS," BY A SMALL BOY.

From a small boy's essay on parents: "Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly its the mas that make you mind."

A SECRET.

Father—"What did I tell you I was going to do to you if I caught you smoking again?"

Johnnie—"If you don't remember it, pa, you needn't think I'm going to tell you!"

A MIX-UP.

A near-sighted man ran into a cross-eyed man. "Why don't you look where you are going?" said the cross-eyed man. "Why don't you go where you are looking?" said the other.

A QUEER DOG.

"Oh, mama!" exclaimed small Bobbie, after seeing a dachshund for the first time. "I saw such a funny dog this morning. He was two dogs long and only half a dog high."

GENEROUS.

Mrs. O'Flinn—I'm writin' to the schule tacher, darlin,' an' I want ut to be foine. How many capitals do you put into a sentence?

Jennie—Och, be ginerous with them. Put in half a dozen.

DRANK OR DRUNK.

Teacher—Correct the sentence, "The liquor what the man bought was soon drank."

Bright Pupil—The man who bought the liquor was soon drunk.

A BY PRODUCT.

Instructor—"Mention some of the by-products of petroleum."

Shaggy Haired Young Man—"Universities."

UPSET ANY THEOLOGY.

The old colored preached shouted, "And der Lord made Adam out ob clay and den hanged him up again der fence for ter dry!"

"Who made dat ar' fence?" interrupted Brother Johnson.

"Look er yere, Johnsing," indignantly replied the preacher, "hits jus' sich devlish 'pertinent fools as you is dat spiles der best th'ology in der world!"

TRUE WISDOM.

"Wisdom," said Uncle Gabe, "is knowin' how to keep folks 'm finding out what a blame fool you is."

GENEALOGY.

Bobby—Mama, am I a lad?
Mama—Yes, Bobby.
Bobby—And is my new papa my stepfather?
Mama—Yes.
Bobby—Then am I his step-ladder?

BUSINESS AND ROBBERY.

"The line between business and robbery has never yet been clearly defined," said the Blue Jay, as he swallowed the egg of the Robin, who was off hunting for worms.—Ernest Thompson Seton.

QUEER SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

A kindergarten opens each session by singing a hymn. Each child is given his turn to choose the hymn. One little fellow, on being asked what he wished sung, replied: "While shepherds wash their socks by night."

A minister made an interminable call upon a woman of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of the conversation and whispered: "Didn't he bring his amen with him?"

A little one whose uncle had died saw him in his coffin, and was told that he was going to heaven. The day after the funeral she startled her mother by asking: "Mama, do you think God has had time to unpack Uncle Edward yet?"

A little boy on a visit to a farm saw the farmer's wife plucking a chicken and asked: "Do you take off their clothes every night?"

Craig, a five-year-old, was riding with the family in a small boat over a very deep part of the channel; a slight

rocking of the boat caused the lad to exclaim: "Be careful! If you fall in here you'll be dead all the rest of your life."

The children were relating some mischievous prank done in school by a neighbor's child. Mother said, "Why, I didn't think such a demure little girl would cut up like that." "But, mama," said Margaret, a girl of nine, "you don't know how she's vice versade since you knew her so well!"

IMMUNE.

"Molly, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a mother to her little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that your teacher is compelled to scold you."

"Don't worry about it, mama," was the reply, "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

DOG-GONE DIRT.

Young Lady—Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?

Little Boy—Naw! Dey made me wash my face an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opporchunity knocks at iviry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' afterward it wurrks f'r him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it knocks and runs away, an' on th' dures iv some men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits thim over th' head with an axe. But iviry men has an opporchunity.—Mr. Dooley.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Booker T. Washington gives the following amusing incident by which a zealous colored brother sought to illustrate

the necessity of asking aright in order to receive an answer to prayer: "For three days I asked de good Lawd to send me a fine, fat shoat for Christmas, but no shoat came; den I axed the Lawd to send me for de shoat, and de shoat was in my cabin nex mawning."

DOCTOR KNOWS BEST.

An honest old Dutchman was ill unto death. In fact, so near was he to death's door that the doctor said: "He's gone." Much to the surprise of all the obstinate man said: "You're mistaken, doctor. I'm not gone already." "Hush, Jacob," said his spouse, "don't dispute the doctor, he knows best."

SIT BY THE TEACHER.

Harry Houck, for many years deputy superintendent of public instruction for the state of Pennsylvania, and the most popular and best beloved man in that great commonwealth, has a fund of stories with which he enlivens every institute and rests and refreshes the teachers. This one has in it a fine bit of humor. "A teacher had been worried all the long day by a mischievous boy and his many and versatile pranks. At length, goaded beyond endurance and catching the urchin at a more than usually provoking trick, the teacher exclaimed, 'There it is again, Martie, you are not fit to sit with decent folks, come up here and take this seat by your teacher.' 'Twas a minute or two before it dawned on the teacher why the pupils were so pleased."

AN OLD PROVERB.

And another one of Mr. Houck's stories of a somewhat similar nature is this: "An idle boy in school had discovered a weary mate overcome by the soporific influences of a warm afternoon, and with a feather was making life a burden to the sleeper, much to the amusement of a goodly number of pupils whose attention was attracted, not forced, by this past-master in the art of securing a much

desired power. The teacher, placing her finger on that part of the geography lesson which was just then being droned out by the class, looked up to ascertain the cause of the ill suppressed merriment, and at once grasping the situation said solemnly, 'The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Craig, come up here and work these problems that I give you.'"

ASBESTOS GOODS.

"Oh, Sarah!" said a certain Hebrew clothier, awaking from a troubled sleep, "I had a hideous dream. It was awful." "What was it Isaac?" "I dreamed dot mine goods vas all asbestos!"

NO INSURANCE.

"My heart is on fire for you, Rebecca." "Put it oudt quick, dair vas no insurance!"

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

S. S. Teacher—Jerry, do you obey your mother?
Jerry—Guess I do—so does pa.

GAVE THE SIGNAL.

The teacher beamed upon the class,
  And said: "You'll please to calculate
By mental process, 24,
  6, 18, 166, 3, 8."

The class arose with mighty howl
  And joined in one terrific bawl
And jammed the teacher through his desk
  And flung him up against the wall.

"What does this mean?" he sternly said,
  His feelings being set on edge.
"We're sorry," gently said the class.
"You signalled for the flying wedge."

BIG BEES.

"I've never seen a husking bee,"
Said timid little Bess;
"They must be awful large to husk
An ear of corn, I guess."
"They're pretty big," said Johnnie Griggs—
"But Uncle Jim told me
It takes a dozen women folks
To hold a sewing bee."

A COMPLICATED QUARREL.

Two men—Shot and Not—agreed to have a duel. Now, the shot that Shot shot shot not Not, but shot not at all, but the Shot that Not shot shot Shot; therefore, Shot being shot, and Not not, Not won notwithstanding.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

Johnny—Say, pa, what is classical music?

His Father—Classical music, my son, is music that you can't whistle, and wouldn't if you could.

LAZIEST BOY IN SCHOOL.

"Johnnie," said his father, "who is the laziest boy in school?"

"I dunno."

"Why, surely you do. Who is it that, when the rest are studying, sits and gazes idly about the room?"

"The teacher."

MARKED DOWN.

Mother—"Johnny, how is it you stood so much lower in your studies in January than you did in December?"

Johnny—"I don't know, mother, unless it is because everything is marked down after the holidays."—Ram's Horn.

A GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON BOYS.

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam, He said to Himself: "Well, I guess I can do better if I try again," and then He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been born more women than men since. Boys are a trouble. They are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

THE BI-HOGRAPHY OF A PIG.

Born.
Corn.
Whizz!
Sizz!

OPENED WITH PRAYER.

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis) —Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Reverend Mr. Harps, come over.

Dr. Cutter—Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah!—

Feebles—I'd like to be opened with prayer.—Life.

ORIGIN OF HAY FEVER.

On the cannibal isles lived a cannibal king,
Well known as a wild, gay deceiver,
Who ate a grass widow, in the season Lent,
Which brought on an attack of hay fever.
The widow since then has been wholly immune,
Off the menu at banquets they leave her.
For the cannibals say they would rather be dead
Than have such complaint as hay fever.

SOME TAME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.

NIXON WATERMAN.

A thick fleeced lamb came trotting by;
"Pray whither now, my lamb?" quoth I.
"To have," said he, with ne'er a stop,
"My wool clipped at the baa-baa shop."

I asked the dog: "Why all this din?"
Said he: "I'm fashioned outside in,
And all my days and nights I've tried
My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling loud and long.
Said I to her: "How strange your song."
Said she "'Tis scarce a song; a fact,
It's just a lay to be eggs-act."

I asked the cat: "Pray tell me why
You love to sing?" She blinked her eye.
"My pur-puss, sir, as you can see,
Is to a-mews myself," said she.

A horse was being lashed one day.
Said I: "Why don't you run away?"
"Neigh, neigh, my stable mind," said he,
"Still keeps its equine-imity."

I asked the cow: "Why don't you kick
The man who whips you with a stick?"
"Alas! I must be lashed," said she,
"So I can give whipped cream, you see!"

A WISE PRECAUTION.

I'm taking my umbrella, 'cause perhaps it's going to rain;
I heard my papa read it in the paper, just as plain.
It said the indications were, for four an' twenty hours,
There'd be some local temperchure an' stationary showers.

A TRAGIC CALENDAR.

Jan-et was quite ill one day;
Feb-rile troubles came her way.
Mar-tyr-like she lay in bed;
Apr-oned nurses softly sped.
"May-be," said the leech, judicial,
"Jun-ket would be beneficial."
Jul-eps, too, though freely tried,
Aug-ured ill, for Janet died.
Sep-ulchre was sadly made,
Oct-aves pealed and prayers were said.
Nov-ices with many a tear
Dec-orated Janet's bier.

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

THE POWER OF PUNCTUATION.

The following lines, found in an old book, improbable as they may seem on first reading, lose all their improbability after inserting colons after the words in italics:

"I saw a *cloud* begirt with ivy round
I saw a sturdy *oak* creep on the ground
I saw an *ant* swallow up a whale
I saw the boiling *sea* brimful of ale
I saw a phial *glass* fifteen yards deep
I saw a *well* full of man's tears that weep
I saw a man's *eyes* all in a flame of fire
I saw a *house* high as the moon or higher
I saw the radiant *sun* even at midnight
I saw a man who saw this wondrous sight."

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE MILLIONAIRE.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
  Perhaps he does his best,
Don't try to drive him to despair
  With rude, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
  His face with common leer,
And when he gives his wealth away
  Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
  He has a right to live,
And feel the sun and breathe the air
  And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
  Before your life is through,
Speak kindly, and remember he
  Is human, just like you.

—Washington Star.

A CATACLASM.

A cat sedabat on our fence,
  As laeta as could be;
Her vox surgebat to the skies,
  Canebate merrily.

My clamor was of no avail,
  Tho' clare did I cry,
Consepexit me with mild reproof,
  And winked her alter eye.

Quite vainly jeci boots, a lamp,
Some bottles, and a book;
Ergo, I seized my pistol, et
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods,"
May I that felis kill;
Quamquam, I took six of her lives,
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,
Tho' man's aim was true;
Conatus sum, putare quid
Intonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to my head,
Scivi, 't would make her wince,—
I sang! Et then the hostis fled,
Non eam ridi since.

LIMERICKS.

There was a young fellow named Bill,
Who did not believe in free will.
When asked to saw wood
He'd say, "Yes, if I could;
But I feel foreordained to sit still."

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of seight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.

There was a young lady from Michigan
Who had wished once but wanted to Wichigan,
But she found 'twas a fact
That the wishbone was cract,
So she laid it right down on the Dichigan.

There once was a lonesome, lorn spinster,
And luck had for years been ag'inst 'er;
When a man came to burgle,
She shrieked with a gurgle,
"Stop, thief, while I call a min'ster."

Said a muscular Moslem of Muscat
To his cat, "Cat, you can't catch a muskrat,
And when it is plain
That a cat can't obtain
A muskrat at Muscat, cat must scat."

A hustling promoter named Coe
Was head of a big cocoa Co.
A native named KoKo
Said, "Pay what you owe Coe,
Or give me the Coe Cocoa Co."
He had other projects, had Coe—
Coke ovens were one line, and so
The two coalesced
Imagine the rest;
"Coe-KoKo Coke and Cocoa Co."

A certain young fellow named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phœbe;
"But," said he, "I must see
What the clerical fee
Be before Phœbe be Phœbe Beebee."

There was a young heiress called Rooker,
And the lawyer named Luke tried to "hook" her;
But the heiress was shrewd,
Though her question was rude—
'Do you look at my looks, Luke, or lucre?"

An actress who chummed with Clyde Fitch
Heard a terrible snoring, at which
She took off her hat
And found that a rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

A charming young maiden named Anna,
Who lived away down in Havana,
  On a youth made a mash;
  —His poor heart went to smash—
And he wept 'cause he couldn't Havana.

A timid young maiden of Worcester
Was frightened one day at a rocester,
  And a fence she did climb,
  In double-quick timb,
With the aid of a small boy to borcester.

There was a grass widow quite proper
Who was formerly married to Hopper,
    But he got a divorce,
    As a matter of course,
And the grass widow's now a grass-Hopper.

A sore-hipped hyppopotamus who blustered
Objected to a poultice made of custard.
    Can't you doctor up my hip
    With anything but flip?
So they plastered on his hyppo-pot-a-mustard.

There was a young lady named Perkins
Who was exceedingly fond of gherkins.
    She ate so much spice
    And other things nice,
That she pickled her inside workin's.

There was a young man of Harat
Who bought him a Panama hat.
    His friends heard him say,
    As it sailed down the bay,
"I would better have bought me a *'yat.'*"

COULDN'T EXPRESS HIMSELF.

A stammering, stuttering man was in line to get his ticket to Dowagiac. He thought he had his piece so that he

could speak it readily. When his turn came, however, and the agent's expectant gaze was on him, he began, "D-d-I w, w, t t." "Get out of the way," said the brusque and busy agent. "If you haven't anything to do but make faces, give your place to these other people." The unfortunate man fell to the rear, determined to do better next time. At last he came to the front again, and again he began "I-w, w, w, t, t, D-d." "Get out of line, I tell you, this is no time for fooling." This time the man went to a seat, and waited till the train had gone, and the agent came out to shut up the depot. "What are you doing here?" said the czar of the depot. "W-w-aiting for the f-fr-freight," said the passenger. "What are you waiting for the freight for?" said the lord of the station. "B-b-b-because I c-c-an't express myself."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

"Faith," said Barney, "I niver contributed to the Atlantic Monthly, but I contributed to the Atlantic daily all the way across. I was going down the companion way and met my breakfast coming up. But 'twas a fine boat, they gave us six meals a day; three down and three up. I said to Kathleen, "shall I fetch your supper up?" "No," said she, "if I have as good luck as I did with my dinner I can fetch it up myself." As I stood leaning over the rail feeding the fish cut bait and saying my geography lesson—New Yor-r-r-k and Eu-u-rope, someone said: "Barney, is your stomach a little weak?" "It may be," said I, "but 'twill trow as far as anyones." 'Twas evening, and Kathleen inquired: "Is the moon up yet?" "I was that busy that I said sort o' mechanic like: 'She is if ever I swallowed her.' "

A LANGUAGE LESSON.

"Use the words defeat and debasement in a sentence so as to show their meaning," said the teacher. The little Hollander replied: "He fell into debasement and wet defeat."

BRIM-FULL.

"'Twas at a newsboys' banquet. The good ladies of the city had outdone themselves. The boys were doing ample justice to the luscious 'feed.' At last, though reluctantly, one boy rose from the table and stood back under the gas-light, yet looking wistfully at the tempting array of good things still in sight. A kind-hearted lady thinking the boy's modesty had got the better of his appetite, said: 'Come, my boy, won't you have something more?' 'Nope.' 'Oh, take more of the escalloped oysters, won't you?' 'No, ma'am.' 'You won't get such a chance as this again very soon, take a little more cake, anyway.' 'Thank ye ma'am, I might chaw a little more, but I couldn't swaller it.'"

CONSTERNATION IN HEAVEN.

The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley and noted with surprise the promptness of the newspapers to bulletin-board the hourly reports of the President's condition. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterward he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a person of some distinction in the community, so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

"10:00 a. m.—Deacon Jones no better.

"11:00 a. m.—Deacon Jones has relapse.

"12:30 p. m.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse falling.

"1:00 p. m.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.

"2:15 p. m.—Deacon Jones' family has been summoned.

"3:10 p. m.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven.'

Later in the afternoon a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins, and, going to the bulletin board, made another report concerning the deceased; it was:

"4:10 p. m.—Great excitement in heaven! Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."

IN HIS WIFE'S NAME.

The following is one of David Warfield's best-liked stories:

Isaacstein was sent to a New York hospital, where he was found to be suffering with appendicitis. After the doctors had made a diagnosis they operated upon him as is usual in such cases. A friend of Isaacstein's met another friend in Hester street and asked: "Haf you heard aboud Isaacstein?"

"No. Vass iss it?"

"He vas sick. Dey take him by der hospital, and vat you tink dey do mit him?"

"Vell! Vell! Vass is it?"

"Dey put him in a room all by himself und take his appendidix away from him."

"Na! Na! Na! Vat a pity, ain't it, he didn't have it in his wife's name?"

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Blumensein—How was it, Reminsky, dot you get into the theatre vidout puying a ticket?

Ruminsky—S—s—h! You must not dell any von. I walks in packwards and the doorkeeper dinks I am coming oudt.

BOY'S RULE FOR FLOGGING.

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied. "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship, the upward strokes heavy, and the downward ones light."

A STUMPER.

A teacher who was trying to instruct her class about the mysteries of addition and subtraction, explained that one cannot subtract or add unless the numbers are of the same denomination, when a little girl said: "Teacher, can't you take six peaches from four trees?"

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

Mr. Goldstein—Ikey, let me see vot you bin learnin' in school. How much is 2 and 2?

Ikey (deliberating)—Two and 2 is 7, fodder.

Mr. G.—Dot's wrong, Ikey; 2 and 2 is 4.

Ikey (smiling knowingly)—I knew it all the time, fodder, but I thought you was goin' to Jew me down.

THE BOY THAT GOD MADE.

An old time teacher in England had been coaching her class for some time on the catechism, preparatory to the visit of the examining committee when it should come like a thief in the night. She was fearful that unless she made a judicious division of labor that the class would not do credit to her pedagogical ability; so she had planned to have the first boy learn the answer to the first question, the second boy take the next one, and so on down the line. It so happed one day that this committee came while boy number one was out for an armful of wood, but the teacher, unfortunately, did not note the fact when she began the quiz on the catechism. She was considerably chagrined to get for the answer to the question, "Who made you?" the somewhat irrelevant reply: "To serve God and keep His commandments." "No, no," said the teacher; "Who made you, not what is the chief end of man." Her promptings, however, were unavailing, when a youth at the far end of the class piped up: "Teacher, the boy that God made has gone out after wood."

BAD EGG.

The little folks in the kindergarten were playing an animal game. Each child was representing a little bird just flying from the nest of recently hatched eggs. One little fellow failed to go, and on being asked why he did not fly with the other little birdies, replied: "Oh, I'm a bad egg, and didn't hatch."

A FERVID PETITION.

A good old brother in his petitions to the throne of grace used to create a smile among the young folks when he was wont to pray the Lord to anoint him with the balm of Gilead and the Isle of Patmos.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Mother was pleading with the small boy to be good. The lad said he would be good a whole day for a nickel. "Oh, Jerry," said the mother, "when I was a little girl I was good for nothing."

ONLY ONE VICE.

"My wife has but one vice," said an admiring husband, "when she's drunk she'll swear like a trooper."

A PARADOX OR TWO.

An Iowa goat swallowed a rabbit; the coroner's jury brought in the verdict of "A clear case of hare in the butter." That reminds me, said the joker, of a conundrum: What goes round a button? The hole? No, a goat. But one or two saw the point, and the following story was told to haul in those coming by freight: A citizen appeared before the board of review and objected strenuously to the assessment of $8.00 on his old billy goat. The mayor called the Irish assessor onto the carpet to defend himself. Mike cited the ordinance which required an assessment of four dollars a front foot on all property bounding and abutting on said street. 'Twas plain that the beast had two front feet, and the arithmetic was simple.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENT.

"Mama," said a little tot, "did God make Grandpa?" "Yes, dear." "Did he make papa?" "Yes." "And did he make you, mama?" "Yes, child." "Did he make me?"

and she gave an admiring look into the tall mirror. "Yes, dear; why do you ask such questions?" "Why, I think he's improving all the time."

PRIZE FIGHTING AND THE BIBLE.

"Do you know," said A, "that I heard a sermon recently that warranted prize fighting?" "A sermon that warranted prize fighting?" said Bones, in astonishment. "Where did the parson get his text?" "From the Bible," said A. "What, a text from the Bible that warrants prize fighting? What was it?" "Why, 'Hit is I, be not afraid.'"

MIGHTY THIN.

"I see you're back from the front," said a cheery citizen to a soldier just back from Cuba during the war of '98. "Great Scott, am I as thin as that?" ejaculated the soldier.

OPTIMISTIC.

An Irishman fell from a 16-story building, and as he passed every open window on his way down, he yelled out, "All right so far!"

CUT THE END OFF.

Some speeches lack terminal facilities, and are like the Irishman's rope, in that respect. It seems that Barney was hauling a rope in over the side of the boat. Some mischievous chums had spliced the ends of the rope together, and it payed out on one side of the boat as Barney hauled in on the other. After a half-hour of steady exercise, the son of Erin saw a great light, and exclaimed in rich brogue: "Be gorra, some fool has cut the ind off of it."

A PLEASING MIXTURE.

This story is old enough to vote, but deserves space next to reading matter: A flowery orator responding to a toast on woman, started to quote that beautiful apostrophe to

woman, but closed his quotation inadvertently by side-tracking to the closing lines of the couplet on vice. His patch-work eloquence ran into an anti-climax like the following:

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

START ANOTHER BIRD.

A young Fourth of July orator was eloquently depicting the flight of the bird of freedom: "I see the bird of our country rise from a foam flecked crag on old Atlantic's rocky shore, with the pennant of our country in his talons he fans with gigantic wing the circumambient ether, he scales the highest peaks of the Appalachian chain; on and on, higher and higher, and—and—." Here he forgot his piece, and while struggling vainly to catch a tail-feather, a somewhat inebriated countryman in sympathy exclaimed: "I say—er, er, pard, let that bird go and start another."

NO HALO.

A layman at Chautauqua gave the last speech at a banquet of celebrated speakers and clergymen. He introduced the toast by saying that he seemed to be very like the four-footed animal in the picture of the "Holy Trinity" —the only one without a halo. 'Tis unnecessary to state that he was at once admitted to the inner circle.

"Here is where I do the real thing," said the magician, as he turned a cow into a garden.—Princeton Tiger.

GET READY FOR COMPANY.

How much more apparent to us are the deficiencies of our children whenever company comes! Habits and actions hitherto unnoticed are at once made prominent and em-

barrassing. Hon. Henry Houck, the best story teller and most beloved man in the state of Pennsylvania, pictures this feature of school life in the following story:

"The school was jogging on its usual way, serenely, placidly, and freely. Mary, the biggest girl in school, sat as usual chewing gum, her body sprawled out on the seat, her feet protruding into the aisle. Company came. As the teacher was ushering her distinguished visitors to a seat, she caught sight of Mary. The uncouthness shocked her now, and she hastily said in a low but very emphatic voice: "Mary, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in." Entertainment had already begun for the visitors.

A MIGHTY HANDY EYE.

Boys, where would you like to have a third eye, if you could have one? "Right in the back of my head, so I could see behind me," said Ford. "Right on top of my head, like a hippopotamus, so that I could see all around," said Millard. "Well," said "Snipes," "I'd have mine on the end of my thumb, so I could stick it through a knot-hole in the fence, and see the ball game."

HE TOOK THE PRIZE.

"Boys, what are you doing so earnestly?" said a long-faced preacher to a group of lads gathered around a puppy by the street corner. "Trying to get that puppy," said "Bub." "The one who tells the biggest lie gets the dog." "Oh, boys," said the parson gravely, "I've lived more than 60 years, and never told a lie in all my life." "Give him the pup," said "Dight." The boys were quick to pick a winner.

DIDN'T WANT ALL HE HAD.

It did seem as if the lad were hollow clear to his heels. What a number of flap-jacks he could stow away each morning! His mother determined to give the boy all he wished for once, and she prepared for it liberally. She brought

on plate after plate of steaming hot ones. The boy cleared the decks many times. Sometimes he took them with butter and sugar, then with maple syrup, then with grease gravy, but ever somehow. He expected to hear the usual halt called, but it came not. At last he refused a plate of fresh ones. His mother said: "Why, Charlie, are you ill? Don't you want any more?" "No, ma'am, and I don't want all I've got."

WELL CHARGED.

A somewhat irascible judge was on the bench when the Irish constable brought in a prisoner, who was afflicted with the stammering habit. "Well, sir," said the judge, eyeing the prisoner sharply, "what are you charged with?" The suddenness of the query, and the keen eye of his honor might well have caused anyone to stammer. The prisoner, very naturally, began, "S, s, t, t, ch, ch, s, s, s, t, t." He was interrupted by the quick-tempered judge, "This court can't be bothered like this, Dennis," turning to the constable, "what is this man charged with?" "I'm not sure, yer honor, but I tink it is wid soda wather."

GESTURES.

The teacher was training the boy in declamation. She complimented him especially upon his gestures. "Gestures!" said he, "what's them?" "Why," said the teacher, "the motions you make with your arms while you are talking." The boy replied: "Them aint gestures, them's hives."

HE KNEW HIS LOCATION.

"Where are you from?" was asked of a son of Erin, who immediately replied: "I'm from iverywhere but here, and be gorra, I'll soon be from here."

A son of Erin reading from a tombstone the inscription: "Here lies an honest man and a lawyer," at once exclaimed: "Two men in wan grave, be jabbers!"

HINTS QUIZZICAL.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has claws at the end of its paws, a comma is a pause at the end of a clause.

What reason is there to believe that the Apostle Peter was not a colored man? The cock crew twice.

If you had ten cents and a buggy top, what would you do with the ten cents? Buy a fine-toothed comb.

What will make a dog come, make a horse go, and stop an old maid? Make the noise with lips used to start a horse.

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon. How do we know that she jumped over the moon? Why, there's the milky way.

What is the quail's favorite song, "In This Wheat By and By."

When is beefsteak the best? When it's bully.

What is the difference between a boy and a barn? You shingle the barn on top.

What's the greatest surgical operation recorded? Lansing, Michigan.

What's the greatest gymnastic feat? Wheeling West Virginia on the Ohio river.

What did Delaware? Alaska (I'll ask her).

What is the difference between a barber and a sculptor? One curls up and dyes, the other makes faces and busts.

What is the difference between an apple and a young lady? One you squeeze to get cider, the other you get 'side her to squeeze.

What goes round a button? A goat.

Why did the dude slit his dog's tongue? So that he might have creases in his pants.

Why are a dog's lungs likely to be badly worn? They are the seat of his pants.

Why should a bald-headed man be the happiest man on earth? There's not a hair 'twixt him and heaven.

Why is a bald head like heaven? There's no parting or dy(e)ing there.

What is the difference between a negro's hair and a bald head? One is crocheted (crow shade), the other knit (nit).

If one should lose his knee, where could he get another? In Africa, where the negroes. If it were a lady who suffered the loss? In Jerusalm, where the Sheenies are. If a boy? At the butcher shop, where they keep kidneys.

Should the devil lose his tail, where could he get another? In the saloons, where they retail spirits.

What's the difference between a mouse and an interesting young lady? One harms the cheese, the other charms the hes.

Why are some American heiresses like ships at the wharf? They are attached to piers.

Why is a drop of vinegar like a pickaninny? It's a little bit of a nigger (vinegar).

When was Admiral Dewey reduced in rank? When he was made Mrs. Dewey's second mate.

Why is a vacant church like heaven? There's not a damned soul in it.

Why are chickens the most religious of fowls? So many of them enter the ministry and there are so many lay members.

How long can a goose stand on one leg? Try it, and see.

Which has more legs, a horse or no horse? A horse has four, no horse has seven.

Which is the happiest of vowels? "i" for 'tis in the middle of bliss, while "e" is in hell, and all the others are in purgatory.

Why is a kiss like a pup in the refrigerator? It's dog on ice.

Why is an old man like a dog's tail? It's infirm.

Why is the letter "k" like a pig's tail? It's at the end of pork.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? It's furthest from the bark.

Why is the young man who gave up his horseback ride like the lover who gave his best girl a young dog? He gave his gallup up.

Why is a sheet of foolscap paper like a lazy dog? The sheet of paper is an ink lined plane, an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup is a lazy dog.

What is the difference between a boy and a locomotive? Don't know. Then you'd better keep off the railroad track.

Why is an elephant like a brick? He can't climb a tree.

This is a fine day for the race. What race? The human race.

Have you heard the story of the three holes? No. Well, well, well! Of the rotten eggs? Two bad; of the boiled eggs, hard to beat; of the dirty collar, one on you; of the stove pipe, too smutty to tell; of the empty box, nothing in it.

When is it dangerous to enter the church? When there is a canon at the reading desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging his clergy, the choir murdering the anthem, and the organist trying to drown the choir.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

When should a mustache not be stroked? When it is down.

Why do ducks put their heads in the water? For divers reasons. Why do they take them out? For sundry reasons. Why do they put them in again? To liquidate their little bills. Why do they take them out again? To make a run on the banks."

Why can't they bury King Edward VII in Westminster Abbey? Because he isn't dead yet.

Why does a little kitten sleep more comfortably in summer than in winter? Because the summer brings the little caterpillar.

What animal has two ears, two tusks and two trunks? The elephant.

If you give five cents to one beggar and twenty cents to another, what time is it? Quarter to two.

If a cannibal devoured the postmaster, what time would it be? 8 p. m.

What is the best way to swallow a door? Bolt it.

Who is the man who carries everything before him? The waiter.

Where can happiness always be found? In the dictionary.

Why does a tall man eat less than a short man? Because he makes a little go a long way.

Why is a man with a scolding wife like a florist? He has a hot house.

When may a man call his wife "Honey"? When she has a comb on her head.

What plant is most fatal to mice? The cat-nip.

Why should we never write upon an empty stomach? Paper is preferable.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engineer? One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

Which is the most difficult train to catch? The 12:50 train, because it is ten to one if you catch it.

Why have fowls no future state? Because they have their next world in this world. (Necks twirled.)

Why is a dog in a refrigerator like a plumb line? One is perpendicular and the other is purp in de cooler.

What could be wetter than a woman with a waterfall on her head, a creek in her back, and a spring in her heel? One with a notion in her head (an ocean).

When is a boy not a boy? When he is a bed.

When is a door not a door? When it is ajar.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is aboard.

When is a girl not a girl? When she is a little sulky.

When is a man not a man? When he is a shaving.

Why is a ship always spoken of as feminine, she, her, etc.? Because the rigging costs more than the hull.

When is the hammock a piece of silver table ware? On Sunday nights, when it is a spoonholder.

Did you ever see a pepper box? or hear a napkin ring? or see a sugar bowl?

What chins require no shaving? Urchins.

What is a football coach? The ambulance.

Why are pianos noble characters? Because they are grand, upright and square.

What most resembles half a cheese? The other half.

What makes more noise than a pig under the gate? Two pigs.

Why is a novelist the queerest of creatures? Because his tale comes out of his head.

Write, if it should be written right, should not be written wright nor rite, but it should be written write.

Why can't the cook eat her apron? It goes against her stomach.

Why is an umbrella like a good Catholic? It keeps lent.

What is the difference between a woman and an umbrella? You can shut up the umbrella.

Why is a young man's arm like the gospel? It makes glad the waist places.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, a bald-headed man and a monkey's father? One is the heir apparent, the second has no hair apparent, and the third is a hairy parent.

Why is a kiss through the telephone like a straw hat? 'Tisn't felt.

Why doesn't the devil learn to skate? Where in hell could he?

What kind of noise annoys an oyster? A noisy noise annoys an oyster.

Why can't flies see under water? They have left their specks on the wall.

Why is a sermon like a kiss? Because it requires at least two heads and an application.

The man who makes it has no use for it; the man who buys it, doesn't want it; and the man who uses it never sees it. What is it? A coffin.

If a donkey were on one side of the river and a stack of hay on the other, how could the donkey get across without getting his feet wet, there being no bridge. Give it up? So did the other donkey.

What goes on two legs? A man.

What goes on four legs? A horse.

What goes on one leg? A stocking.

Why is a pancake like the sun? It rises in the y(east) and sits behind the vest.

Why did the salt shake(r)? Because she let the spoon-holder.

What's the difference between a fine, ripe watermelon and a rotten cabbage? Give it up. Well, you'd be a fine one to send for a melon.

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss? One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice.

What is good for a bald head? Hair.

If a pretty girl should kiss you would you kiss her back? No, I'd kiss her face.

Why are there no marriages in heaven? There are not enough men to go around.

Which would you rather be—dumber than you look or dumber than you are? (Whichever way 'tis answered let the questioner say, "impossible.")

What is the difference between the death of a sculptor and a barber? The one curls up and dyes; the other makes faces and busts.

Which is right—six and four is eleven or six and four are eleven? Neither.

What proof have we that the moon is not made of green cheese? The moon was made before cows were.

What is it that if he hasn't it he doesn't wish it; but if he has it he would not part with it for the world? A bald head.

A cabbage, a stove-pipe, a tomato and a hydrant ran a race; how did it come out? The cabbage came out a head, the stove-pipe was second by a length, the tomato will catch up, and the hydrant will keep running.

BIBLICAL CONUNDRUMS.

Why didn't Eve have the measles? She'd Adam.

Why was Eve like an express wagon? She was made for Adam's express company.

How did Adam and Eve get out of Paradise? Snaked out.

Why are the gates of Paradise kept closed? To keep out the damp air.

Who was the first boy? Chap. I. The first girl? Genesis, Jennie, sis.

What is the first known agricultural crop? Cain raised in the Garden of Eden.

What evidences of Baseball in Bible times? It was in the beginning (big inning) that Cain made a base hit. Eve stole first, Adam stole second, Noah took in the fowls and the flies, Gideon rattled the pitchers, David struck out Goliath, and the prodigal son made a home run. After the game Rebecca walked with the pitcher.

What Bible worthies evidently played tennis? Joseph served in the court of Pharaoh and Moses returned out of Egypt.

What reference is made to cricket in the Bible? Peter stood up before the "eleven" and was bold.

Who was the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Not Ne-hi-miah, nor Bildad the Shuhite, but Peter who had neither scrip nor purse.

Who was the smallest man? The guard who slept on his watch.

What is the allusion to department stores? The exclamation of Job: "Lord, here will I wait till my change cometh."

How do we know that there were electric lights in Bible times? They had an arc light on Aararat.

What proof of bicycles is given in the Bible? 'Tis said that Elijah fled for his safety.

Why was Paul like a horse? He loved Timothy.

What did Jonah think when the whale swallowed him? He thought he was going to blubber, but he didn't. What did the whale think? That he was going to throw up his job. How did Jonah feel? Sort o' down in the mouth.

What was the difference between David and Job? David was a manly boy, and Job was a boily man.

Who was the straightest man? Joseph, for Pharaoh made a ruler out of him.

What noblemen are referred to in the Bible? "Lord, how long!" "barren fig tree," and "judge not."

What did Goliath think when David hit him with the pebble from his sling? Such a thing never entered his head before.

Why didn't Moses take cats into the ark? Moses didn't manage the ark.

What was the first recorded instance of the use of paper money? When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

How do we know that Pharaoh's daughter was a stock broker? She found a little prophet in the rushes on the banks.

What evidence that Moses was a football player? He was first in the rushes.

Is the book of Hezekiah before or after the Psalms? There is no book of Hezekiah.

Who was the greatest financier of Bible times? Noah, for he floated a great stock company when all the rest of the world was in a state of liquidation.

What proof have we that there was beer in the ark? The kangaroo took in the hops, and the bear was always bruin.

Why didn't Noah like the letter D? It made the ark dark.

THE GREATEST AMERICANS.

This is suggestive. Of course no list made could be final. Opinions will differ. The discussion and selection will be valuable and stimulative.

Name your choice of Americans to complete the list.

1. Greatest three benefactors.
2. Greatest three prose writers.
3. Best three poets.
4. Greatest three soldiers.
5. Greatest three naval heroes.
6. Most eloquent three orators.
7. Greatest three statesmen.
8. Most distinguished three women.

9. Greatest three jurists.
10. Greatest three preachers.
11. Greatest three inventors.
12. Most distinguished three artists.

A suggestive list—

1. Washington, Lincoln, Grant.
2. Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne.
3. Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier.
4. Washington, Grant, Sherman.
5. John Paul Jones, Farragut, Dewey.
6. Webster, Clay, Patrick Henry.
7. Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln.
8. Mary A. Livermore, Frances Willard, Helen Kellar.
9. Marshall, Kent, Evarts.
10. Beecher, Brooks, Chapin.
11. Fulton, Morse, Edison.
12. Gilbert Stuart, Quincy Ward, W. W. Story.

—Selected.

A POSER IN ARITHMETIC.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows:

"To Fuen-huen, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof."

When the property was inventoried, it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants; and it puzzled the three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants, and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Suen-punk, for advice. Suen-punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen and said:

"Now, we will suppose your father left these eighteen elephants. Fuen-huen, take your half and depart."

So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and traveled.

"Now, Nu-pin, take your third and go."

"Now, Ding-bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and be gone."

So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamooosed. Then Suen-Punk took his own elephant and drove home again.

Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?

A PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.

Punctuate these and make them readable:
Cat cat the cat and cat it as it as it cat on the cat.
If if is is is is not if if it is if is it not.
It was and I said not but.

GOOD TONGUE TWISTERS.

High roller, low roller, rower.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit-box.
Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.
You snuff shop snuff, I snuff box snuff.
The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.
Some shun sunshine, do you shun sunshine?
Shave a cedar shingle thin.
She sells sea shells, do you sell sea shells?

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

Secure as many bright new pennies as possible. Give one to each child and a card with the following written upon it (without words contained in the parentheses).

On the head of the penny you will find:

1. Part of a hill. (Brow.)
2. Part of corn. (Ear.)
3. A fruit. (Date.)
4. Flowers. Tulips. (Two lips.)
5. An animal. (Hair.)
6. A place of worship. (Temple.)
7. Union of youth and age. (18-96.)

On the tail of the penny you will find:

1. A messenger. (One cent.) One sent.
2. A means of correction. (Stripes.)
3. A body of water. (C.)

4. A gallant beau. (Bow.)
5. A beverage. (T.)
6. A military weapon. (Shield.)
7. Cupid's weapons. (Arrows.)

THOUGHT HOOKS.

1. What hour would be the exact middle of the week?
2. When is the exact middle of August?
3. When will the present century end?
4. What is the difference between six inches square and six square inches?
5. The difference between three times the number and seven times the number is 72; what is the number?
6. From what must $6\frac{3}{4}$ be taken to leave $9\frac{1}{2}$?
7. By what must 7 be multiplied to give the product 1-7?
8. By what must 7 be divided to give the quotient 1-7?
9. What number increased by 1-6 of itself is equal to 84?
10. What is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of $\frac{1}{2}$?
11. Find $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.
12. A cat weighs $10\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of its own weight. How heavy is the cat?
13. How many pints in $62\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of a bushel?
14. If the selling price is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the gain, what is the gain per cent?
15. If the cost is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the gain, what is the gain per cent?
16. If 4-5 of the selling price equals the cost, what is the per cent of gain?
17. If I sell $\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the cost of $\frac{2}{3}$ of a yard, what is the per cent of gain?
18. Forty yards of string is to be cut into yard lengths; how many times must it be cut?

DISGUISED HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

1. An instrument used in writing.
2. A meadow or sward land.
3. Pickled or salted hog's flesh.

4. A fierce carnivorous animal.
5. Mounds or dikes of earth.
6. A rough, prickly seed envelope.
7. The frame of a vessel.
8. Passageways in fences.
9. The head-covering of a female.
10. An energetic four-winged insect.
11. A kind of soft earth.
12. The head of the Catholic church.
13. A spear, a weapon.
14. To drive or pentrate.
15. The market value of an article.
16. A worker in stone or mortar.
17. An extremity of the human body.
18. A household servant.
19. Side-whiskers.
20. A door-keeper or guard of a lodge.
21. Carbonized iron.
22. A boast.
23. Ireland's national color.
24. Never late.
25. To give over.

Answers to above:

Penn; Lee; Bacon; Wolf; Banks; Burr; Hull; Gates; Hood; Bee; Clay; Pope; Pike; Pierce; Price; Mason; Foote; Butler; Burnside; Tyler; Steel; Bragg; Green; Early; Grant.

A BOX OF CENTS.

1. Very generous .....Munificent
2. Free from guilt .....Innocent
3. Increasing like the moon.....Crescent
4. Beginning to grow .....Nascent
5. Pervious to light .....Translucent
6. Melting in the air.....Deliquescent
7. Bestowing favors .....Beneficent
8. Having the colors of the rainbow....Iridescent

A LITTLE HILL OF ANTS.

1. A hard, stony ant .....Adamant
2. A scolding ant.....Termagant
3. A dandy ant .....Elegant
4. A raging ant .....Rampant
5. A silly ant .....Flippant
6. A flying ant .....Pennant
7. A brave ant .....Gallant
8. A noisy ant .....Blatant
9. A far-away ant .....Distant
10. A sour ant .....Currant

NATIONS.

1. What nation begins everything? Origination or germination?
2. What nation separates friends. Alienation.
3. What nation gives adverse judgment? Condemnation.
3. What nation is anti-toxine? Vaccination.
5. What nation gets to the top? Culmination.
6. What nation is given to questions? Examination.
7. What nation goes into winter quarters? Hibernation.
8. What nation is favorably disposed? Inclination.
9. What nation is clothed with flesh? Incarnation.
10. What nation consults oracles? Divination.

A GROUP OF CITIES.

1. A city of happiness. Felicity.
2. This city has sufficient room for all who enter in. Capacity.
3. This city devours. Voracity.
4. In this city truthfulness dwells. Veracity.
5. This city holds deceit and sin. Duplicity.
6. This city has wondrous power to draw or attract. Electricity.
7. This yielding city may rebound and leave you in the rear. Elasticity.

8. This is a savage city which will make you fearful. Ferocity.
9. This city takes away your goods. Rapacity.
10. In this city you are unhappy. Infelicity.

UPS AND DOWNS.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

When we've chopped down a tree,
Will it grow, sirs, or not,
If we straight chop it up
On the very same spot?

Say a house has burned down
In a terrible fire—
Had it burned up, instead,
Would the flames have gone higher?

And answer me this:
When we've emptied our cup,
Or, forsooth, drunk it up?
Have we drunk down our tea,

So, to show where our speech
Has one claim to renown,
I am writing it up
While I'm writing it down!

I—CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Just Idyllic.
2. Helped Navy.
3. Lamented Physician.
4. Was Always Musical.
5. Great Warrior.
6. Chivalric Good General.

II—LETTER ENIGMA.

In night not in day.
In wheat not in hay.

In coax not in tell.
In scream not in yell.
In loose not in tight.
What state is now in sight?

III—BURIED BIRDS.

1. Some people call Arkansaw Arkansas.
2. Show me a gleam of hope.
3. He is the fifth awkward person I have met today.
4. Have you read Gulliver's Travels?
5. I shall call in Nettie to prove the rule.
6. Try to read without scowling.

IV—METAGRAM.

Whole I am a current money in hand, change my head and I successively become impetuosity, a cut, a whip, reckless and to cleanse.

V—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead an article of food and get to speak.
2. A European fish and get part of a wheel.
3. A sordid person and get to throw.
4. A bird and get a disturbance.
5. Immature and get abrupt.
6. To stupefy and get a mat.

A BOOK.

Of what is a book made?
What is an author?
What is a publisher?
What is a printer?
Are books printed from types?
What is the kind of type?
What does the author call his writing?
Does printers' ink differ from writing ink?

Of what is it made?
How are books bound?
What is the special use of a book?
What have you learned from a book?
Name five nature books.
How were books formerly made?
What is an edition?
What are the pictures called?
What was the former name?
What is a copyright?

THE GAME OF MISSING POETS.

A Nebraska teacher suggests this plan:

The blanks in the following sentences are to be filled in with the name of a poet—a different name for each blank.

1. She was as gentle as a....
2. Did you ask for....bread?
3. You must wear your cloak and....
4. I admire that....dress very much.
5. You must take this broken ring to a....
6. When did you receive those....
7. You consider yourself her....
8. Down the road came Mary and her....
9. That small insect is a....
10. That toast is....nicely.
11. You do not treat your....
12. The....is a beast of burden.
13. The....is the head of the Catholic church.
14. You may order some cakes from the....
15. Did you have you suit made by a....?
16. She said she preferred ham to....
17. He is not small, but quite a....
18. You may all go to your....
19. The....let me in.
20. I would like five....of your flour.
21. Will you not give the horses some....?
22. You will break my....
23. "Great....!" he cried excitedly.

24. You must....some potatoes.
25. This is a very....horse.

ANSWERS.

1. Lamb. 2. Graham. 3. Hood. 4. Gray. 5. Goldsmith. 6. Burns. 7. Lover. 8. Swain. 9. Miller. 10. Browning. 11. Motherwell. 12. Campbell. 13. Pope. 14. Baker. 15. Taylor. 16. Bacon. 17. Longfellow. 18. Holmes. 19. Butler. 20. Saxe. 21. Hay. 22. Harte. 23. Scott. 24. Peale. 25. Swift.

I wrote the sentences on the board and then the poets in another place, only the names were not given in the order in which they are to be filled in the sentences. I left the children to make their selections. After they had become familiar with the poets named I told them to make up sentences of their own. These I consider quite as good as their models. Some of them are given below:

A little....belonged to Mary.

We had....wafers for breakfast.

I know a story about a wolf and a little girl who wore a....

The sky looks....

And so on. We used the sentences in our dictation lesson.

RHYMED AUTHORS.

1. What author rhymes with certain domestic fowls?
2. What author rhymes with a tied string?
3. What author rhymes with a keeper of prisoners?
4. What author rhymes with some household linen?
5. What author rhymes with sports?
6. What author rhymes with a kind of soldier?
7. What author rhymes with a young lad?
8. What author rhymes with work?
9. What author rhymes with swiftness?
10. What author rhymes with a meal?
11. What author rhymes with a small furry animal?
12. What author rhymes with an inclined plane?

Answers:—1. Dickens. 2. Scott. 3. Taylor. 4. Howell.

5. James. 6. ..... 7. Tolstoy. 8. Doyle. 9. Read. 10. Tupper. 11. ..... 12. Pope.

NICKNAME GAME.

Write any of the following names on slips which are handed to pupils:

1. George Washington.
2. Thomas Jefferson.
3. Andrew Jackson.
4. Zachary Taylor.
5. General Anthony Wayne.
6. Daniel Webster.
7. Henry Clay.
8. Jno. Quincy Adams.
9. Jno. Randolph.
10. Benjamin Franklin.
11. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.
12. Gen. Israel Putnam.
13. Abraham Lincoln.
14. Harry Lee.
15. General Thomas.
16. William Penn.
17. Gen. T. J. Jackson.
18. Gen. W. T. Sherman.
19. Gen. Francis Marion.
20. Gen. Joe Hooker.
21. Gen. Robert E. Lee.
22. Martin Van Buren.
23. James Madison.
24. Elliot.
25. Gen. Washington.
26. Horace Greeley.
27. Stephen A. Douglas.
28. Thaddeus Stevens.
29. James A. Garfield.
30. Abraham Lincoln.
31. James Buchanan.
32. General Longstreet.
33. Madison and Monroe.
34. Benjamin Harrison.
35. General Scott.
36. Henry Clay.
37. Francis Marion.
38. James Buchanan.
39. Captain Leisler.
40. Andrew G. Curtin.
41. Gen. Jno. Pope.
42. Samuel Adams.
43. Buchanan.
44. S. J. Tilden.
45. J. C. Fremont.
46. James G. Blaine.
47. Champlain.
48. Thos. H. Benton.
49. Jno. Brown.
50. General Sumner.
51. General Longstreet.
52. Horace Greeley.
53. S. J. Tilden.
54. Gen. Philip Sheridan.

Write the nicknames of these men on other slips:

1. Father of his Country? 2. Sage of Monticello? 3. Old Hickory? 4. Old Rough and Ready? 5. Mad Anthony? 6. Great Expounder of the Constitution? 7. Great Pacificator? 8. Old Man Eloquent? 9. Political Meteor? 10. Poor Rich-

ard? 11. Little Mac? 12. Old Put? 13. Honest Abe? 14. Light Horse Harry? 15. Rock of Chickamauga? 16. (Father) Onas? 17. Stonewall? 18. Old Tecumseh? 19. Bayard of the South? 20. Fighting Joe? 21. Uncle Robert? 22. The Little Magician? 23. Father of the Constitution? 24. Great Indian Apostle? 25. Cincinnatus of the West? 26. Sage of Chappaqua? 27. Little Giant? 28. Father of Greenbacks? 29. Teacher President? 30. The Railsplitter? 31. Old Public Functionary? 32. Lee's Old Warhorse? 33. James I. and James II.? 34. Little Ben? 35. Old Fuss and Feathers? 36. Millboy of the Slashes? 37. The Swamp Fox? 38. The Bachelor President? 39. The People's Martyr? 40. The War Governor of Pennsylvania? 41. Saddle-bag John? 42. Father of the Revolution? 43. Sage of Wheatland? 44. Sage of Grammercy Park? 45. The Pathfinder of the Rockies? 46. Plumed Knight? 47. The Father of New France? 48. Old Bullion? 49. Ossawatomie? 50. The Old Bull of the Woods? 51. Old Pete? 52. The Later Franklin? 53. The Great Defrauded? 54. Little Phil?

As a child gives the nickname the one who holds the name tells something the man did.

LITERARY QUERIES.

Over what poet's grave was a monument erected by the teachers of Baltimore, Maryland?

Edgar A. Poe.

What poet always took time to answer all letters written him by the children?

Eugene Field.

What poet wrote a poem commemorating the death of his wife and the birth of a child to his friend, H. W. Longfellow?

James Russell Lowell.

What poet, when a child, was noted for his abnormally large head?

William Cullen Bryant.

What writer became an actor in the Park Theatre, N. Y., when only thirteen years of age?

John Howard Payne.

Who is "Paul Pillow?"

Will Carleton.

What poet was for a time engaged as a traveling sign-painter and an actor?

James Whitcomb Riley.

Who was the "Quaker Poet?"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Who was "Timothy Titcomb?"

J. G. Holland.

Name a poet who was also a physician?

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

What poetess is called the "Sweet Singer?"

Margaret E. Sangster.

Who was "Patty Lee?"

Alice Cary.

HINTS ETHICAL.

DIDN'T FORGET HIS THANK YOU.

'Twas on a train running into Grand Rapids. A young man introduced himself, said he had been in one or two Indiana institutes where the writer had given instruction. It transpired that he had since completed his college course, and was even then on his way to secure, if possible, a position in a high school.

An hour's conversation on a variety of topics was enough to confirm the first favorable impression. No hint was suggested about a letter of recommendation and none of course was given on so slight an acquaintance with his work; but just as we separated in the depot, a brief letter of introduction to the superintendent he was about to visit was given him. The circumstance passed completely out of the mind of the writer, till one day, some weeks later, a letter of thanks from the young man came with his announcement of the success of his quest. 'Twas a little thing, and doubtless the affair would never have come to mind again had it not been for the "Thank you"; but just the same one will feel more like boosting again should occasion serve.

Never be too busy to be courteous.

STORY OF ST. VALENTINE.

Long ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing and was always ready to give help to anyone who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food or clothes were never turned away.

After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people, he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick: "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter today." But after a time no more letters were received, and soon the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then everyone said that such a kind man was good enough to be called a saint, and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people commenced to keep his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called Valentines.

This all happened years ago, but good Saint Valentine is still remembered, for every year we keep his birthday on the 14th of February.

Won't the foregoing story, properly told, lead pupils away from the comic valentine to a truer conception of the day? By a little skill mixed with good judgment and kindly suggestion, very pretty valentines may be made by pupils at little expense. The cutting, pasting, sketching, coloring, will serve to train in manual skill, while the writing may be an incentive to better penmanship and language.

A FOOL BOY.

He was in a little, dirty, old railway station at a junction town. He claimed to be 15 years of age, but his size did not warrant this assertion. 'Twas a cold morning in late October, and the big box stove was well fringed with loafers, young and old.

The school bell rang and several small boys promptly heeded the summons. Not so "Jim," the specimen of smart-aleckism just now under discussion.

"Jim, ain't ye goin' to school today?" "Nope, I'm past

the compulsory school age and they can't make me go, and I ain't goin' no more."

"But you ought to get an education, anyway," suggested another neighbor—a loafing philosopher.

"Wal, I've got as much eddication as dad had when he started, and if I can git along as well as he did I'll be satisfied. Dad says so, too."

Fool boy and fool dad! The youth today will need all the old virtues of fathers and mothers, and an education beyond theirs, in order to fight life's battles as well as they fought it.

Give the boys and girls today the honesty, grit, gumption, push, ability, health, strength and hopefulness that the pioneers had who laid the foundation of our commonwealth, and still they will be unable to do as well as their forebears unless they are supplied with a better education.

It is easy to see why. There are today five times as many people after the same job or chance as was the case 50 years ago. To make competition worse still, the people today are using labor-saving machinery that makes each hand do the work that it required five or six to do in the days of our grandsires. Thus the competition is 25 times as great.

The hand must be as strong and as skilled. The heart must be as true, as fearless, as warm.

The head must be trained to quicker, keener, more serviceable thought.

Ah, boy, don't fool yourself, nor permit anyone else to fool you on this subject. Don't be enticed away from school by love of ease or play or lucre. There's time enough for fun enough and play enough mixed with school work to give life a good relish; but don't for a minute lose sight of the fact that the first 18 or 20 years of life is for preparation properly, successfully and joyously to fight life's battle.

A pup's education is usually completed in a year. And then he's nothing but a dog. One can grow a squash in a summer. It requires centuries to grow the sturdy oak. How valuable God counts man that he gave him so long a preparation. See to it, youth, that you so use the age of preparation as to make your long life a useful and

happy one to yourself and to the world. We are living in a lively age, our education must fit us to live in the 20th, not the 16th, century. Let us hear no more foolish talk about getting along with the education that was "good enough for dad."

SAYINGS OF THE RAM'S HORN MAN.

A lie never stops to put on its hat.

The moment a lie is born it begins to run.

A bad reputation is a hard thing to lose.

A fact never apologizes to anybody.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

Worry is more apt to kill than smallpox.

When a man has stomach trouble he calls it heart disease.

There is something wrong with the preaching where the back seats are warmest.

Some of the biggest lies ever told have been told on tombstones.

LOG CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

No matter how big de fish is, folks won't be happy ez long ez dey thinks dey's a bigger fish unkotched.

Dey's so many hills on de road ter heaven some folks misses de place entirely by buildin' a railroad 'round' em.

De reason folks won't go ter church in rainy weather is kaze dey religion ain't waterproof.

W'en you is oncertain which way ter go at the forks er de road, de bes' thing ter do is ter go de right way.

Don't look down on folks kaze dey lesser den what you is. De wind is so small dat you can't see it; but it raises de devil in a cyclone.

Satan don't bother nobody dat don't commence wid 'im fust.

TWO LITTLE HEROES.

A hero is defined as one who displays high courage, and since it is the very highest courage to risk one's life for another, the small boy and dog in the following story, told

in the New York Commercial Advertiser, have just claim to the title:

A diminutive specimen of the genus "small boy," very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along One Hundred Nineteenth street, near Eighth avenue, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dingy little cur. Every now and then the dog would trot back to his small master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodical whistling. Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, bounded down the steps of an apartment house into disastrous collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter. Quick as a flash the hungry cur was at the great dog's throat. He was hardly half the size of the mastiff's head, but for ten seconds he did battle not unworthy his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his homeless little heart into this attack upon the giant that had assailed his master. Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet calling him off, and the mastiff walked soberly on, evidently understanding the matter perfectly. "Good doggie," said the boy, releasing one grimy hand from the bundle long enough to pat the head of the breathless little dog.

But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular cur had some time since been bereft of one eye; and now, essaying to cross the avenue, the oncoming car was at his blind side, and the "L" overhead drowned all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the street's width in his rear when a swerve of the motorman's hand gave the car a headlong plunge. The fender was hardly a foot from the dog when his master, quick as a flash, dropping his load, with one spring seized the dog round his lank body and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the sagging steel bands. Then, as the car slowed up with a screech and a growl from the brakes, master and dog ascended and raced back for the bundle again. Neither seemed to regard the incident as anything unusual; it was all in the day's work of outwitting a fate that kept both at their wits' keenest to stand off starvation and other shapes

of death. To at least one onlooker life afterward seemed a thing richer, finer, and infinitely more worth while just because of this dog's loyalty and this boy's love.

TIME AND THOUGHT FOR COURTESY.

One cannot fail to note the striking difference in ways of doing things for the speaker or lecturer. The average lecturer wishes little show or fuss made over his arrival, but there are certain little marks of civility, the absence of which sometimes nettles nervous men, and always speaks volumes against the culture of the superintendent or teacher. Nearly always the teacher or a committee is at the train to welcome the guest and pilot him to his quarters. If the distance is short and it is to be walked, the guest's satchel is carried, not because of its heft, but for the looks of the thing. The writer remembers walking along the streets of a village with the superintendent of schools for whom the visitor was to give a commencement address. The satchel was not large or heavy, but the visitor really felt shame for the great healthy teacher who walked by his school boys on the street empty-handed, while the guest of the occasion carried the hand-bag.

The careless principal or superintendent forgets to introduce the speaker to his corps of assistants, to his graduating class, to members of the board and others. This, not so much for the visitor's sake, as to show respect and courtesy to his own people. The whole matter may be driven home to the self-centered and careless by Emerson's epigram: "There is always time for courtesy."

CONFIDENCE AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

One of our "captains of industry," who began life as a day laborer, replying to the question, "How do you explain your rapid promotion?" said: "In the first place, I always stood on my feet—always relied upon myself. It is really a detriment to have one behind you. When you depend upon yourself you know it is only on your merit that

you will succeed. Then you discover your latent powers, awake to your manhood, and are on your mettle to do your utmost. It is a very good motto to depend upon yourself. I am a great believer in self-reliant manliness, which is manhood in its noblest form."

A man's success in life is in proportion to his confidence in himself, and the ability, energy, and persistence with which he pursues his aim. The man who is easily discouraged or turned aside from his purpose will never win.

Half the giant's strength is in the conviction that he is a giant. The strength of a muscle is enhanced a hundredfold by the will power. The same muscle when removed from the giant's arm, when divorced from the force of the will, can sustain but a fraction of the weight it did a moment before it was disconnected. The giant lifted a ton weight because he believed he could. Blondin's ability to cross the Niagara on a rope resided in his confidence that he could do it. Oh, what miracles self-confidence has wrought! What impossible deeds it has helped to perform! It took Dewey past cannons, topedoes, and mines to victory in Manila Bay; it carried Farragut, lashed to the rigging, past the defenses of the enemy in Mobile Bay; it led Nelson and Grant to victory; it has been the great tonic in the world of invention, discovery, and art; it has won a thousand triumphs in war and science, which were deemed impossible by faint-hearted doubters.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WILL VS. CIRCUMSTANCE.

If we search out the secrets of a happy life, we shall find that the sense of victory begins with the belief that happiness and tranquility are possible despite untoward conditions. In the natural realm plants are largely influenced by soil and climate. Wheat grows in black loam, not in blazing deserts; oranges and pine-apples ripen in tropic warmth, not beside arctic icebergs. Yet to the soul it is given to reign lord over all outer events. As Samson's swelling muscles snapped his cords asunder, so it is given to man to cast off the tyranny of circumstances, to smile

at storms, to laugh at disaster, and stretch a scepter over defeat and death itself. Dwelling in the desert, Moses becomes a scholar. Mobbed, stoned, and flogged, Paul smiles on the very hour when he confronts the executioner. Doomed for years to Bedford jail, Bunyan maintains his cheerfulness, writes his immortal book, and climbs the happy hills with God. Huber was blind, yet he became the great scientist; Fawcett lost his vision, yet he became the postmaster-general of England. Alexander Stephens was an invalid, and made himself an orator. Beethoven was deaf, yet wrote glorious symphonies. Phillips Brooks stammered, yet he became a great preacher. Fire cannot burn, nor water smother, nor blows coerce the unyielding will. Young Daniel passing through Godless Babylon, with no smell of fire upon his garments, tells us that it is given to every youth to pass through the great city without marring the bloom upon his cheek or losing innocence in his eyes. Perpetua, passing through the Roman palace, with all its filth, and keeping her garments pure as the drifted snow, tells us that earth's daughters can maintain their sweetness and simplicity amid fiercest temptations.—Newell Dwight Hillis in "Quest of Happiness."

THE NEED OF THE DAY.

In the attitude toward human life there abide the two contrasted types. One is the voice crying in the wilderness, the man clad in skins, ascetic, teetotaler, radical, reformer, agitator; and of him they say he hath a devil, he is a crank. His mission is to awake with a ringing "Repent" the dormant public mind and stir the public conscience, but in him is no safe uplifting and upbuilding power. His errand is fulfilled in a day, and after him there cometh one whose shoe latchet he is unworthy to loose,—the man among men, the Man-Son, living the normal life of men, accepting the standing order, paying tribute unto Cæsar, touching elbows with men of the world, respecting the conventions of society, healing and helping men from the common-standing-ground of human life.

The call which comes to the university from the need of the day is a call for trained men; not extraordinary specimens of men, but normal men; not eccentricities, but gentlemen; not stubborn tories or furious radicals, but men of sobriety and good sense, men of good health and sanity, men trained in the school of historical-mindedness.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT.

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something, that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something, make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.—O. S. Marden.

WEALTH IN SPARE MOMENTS.

Two great English writers have made calculations regarding the amount of time of which a man who lives to threescore and ten can consider himself master, or spend as he

wishes. Dr. Johnson estimates that, after deducting from our allowance of time all that is required for sleep and meals, or engrossed by the tyranny of custom,—all that is spent in the exchange of civilities,—all that is torn from us by disease, or stolen away by lassitude and languor,—the portion of time which is left for us to spend wholly as we choose is very small. Thomas De Quincey, estimating the time a man can give to self-culture, reaches a conclusion hardly less dispiriting. He concludes, after similar deductions, that out of the 25,550 days between the ages of 21 and 70, a man will find not so much as 4,000 days left at his disposal for direct intellectual improvement. Four thousand, or forty hundred, he says, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase, 40 days, you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, of the value of six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. "A solid block of about 11½ continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature.—William Mathews.

ADVICE TO ENGINEERING STUDENTS.

But one half of the competent civil engineer is made up of common sense and common honesty, and the other half in hard study and hard work.

You have worked hard to get your scientific education. And as you go forth into the work-a-day world to use it, keep up your mathematics and your familiarity with its applications to physics. Keep an eye out for all new processes and new and better ways of doing things. When you undertake work don't be afraid of soiling your hands or your clothes, but get in close touch with your work. Let no contractor, foreman or laborer be your superior in ability to select the right methods and appliances and the best materials for doing the work you may have in hand, whatever it may be.

And above all, as you must act in a fiduciary capacity, be honest, cultivate good habits, cherish noble aims and a high sense of honor, and so if at all you will succeed and

enjoy the charm of exalted character added to that of deep learning and praiseworthy achievement.—Gen'l Wm. Sooy Smith.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

The brilliant boy does not always make a successful man. On the contrary, most of our leading merchants were not precocious in youth, but were more fortunate in being endowed with a fair share of ability and a wealth of common sense. The qualities so strikingly apparent in the successful man probably were not recognizable in youth. Environment and ideal are important factors in developing the individual.

Home training has a great influence on the success of a young man. Honesty, frugality, self-respect, consideration for others, order, neatness, application and self-reliance cannot be inculcated too early into the heart and mind of the future merchant.

Given these qualities, then, how shall you, a young man on the threshold of a mercantile career, most surely win your way to the highest place commensurate with your ability?

Be on hand promptly at the opening hour. Do any work assigned to you, no matter how seemingly unimportant or menial, in an interested and painstaking manner. Go at it as though you were not afraid of it. Remember that dirt will not soil your manhood, though it may your hands. Study the best method of doing your work, asking questions, if necessary. Become proficient, even in the most uncongenial labor, giving your best thought to the task before you. Try to feel as much interest in your employer's business as though it were your own. Carefully observe the rules of the house. Be respectful to superiors, courteous and agreeable to all, yet maintaining that dignity which comes from seriousness of purpose. When the task assigned to you is finished, ask for further orders or help another in his work. Though your wages be but 50 cents a day, remember your time is not your own.

Be absolutely sure to carry out instructions. Let your superior feel that an order given to you may be dismissed from his mind.

After you have been for some time employed at certain work study new methods of arrangement and dispatch, and when well worked out in your own mind modestly suggest the plans to your superior. You will find that it pays to think, to plan, and to do. Cultivate the habit of thinking, and this training will so develop your mind as to make you of much more value to your employer. Keep your eyes and ears open. Do not meddle in other men's affairs, but be interested in everything that is for the welfare of the business. If your home training has been good you will not permit wastefulness in your own work, and if you have the right stuff in you it will hurt you to look upon the wanton waste of others. Be temperate in all things. You must become master of yourself before you can hope to master a business.

Work. Real ability, plus application, is almost certain to force its own recognition. If you have it and your employer is not wise enough to see it another will.

On the other hand, if your employer has shown his appreciation of your worth by an advance in position do not let your energy or ambition wane. True ambition is never satisfied and your promotion should but serve as a stimulus to higher purposes.—Edward B. Butler, one of Chicago's Successful Business Men.

THE BOY'S HANDICAP.

Officers of the naval recruiting station recently opened in Salt Lake are unconsciously preaching every day sermons that should be heard by all the boys in Salt Lake (or anywhere).

The sermons are all on one subject, a subject of vital interest to any boy who wants to grow up into a sound, healthy, vigorous man, both in physique and in intellect. These officers say that the young applicants for enlistment in the navy are being rejected in large numbers every day

because they have what is known in the medical fraternity as "tobacco heart."

This is an ailment which comes as a direct result of using tobacco in any form, chiefly from cigaret smoking. That so many boys are being denied places on account of it is abundant justification for our comment on the prevalence of the evil. Tobacco heart unfits any boy or man for the active duties of life. It can be cured in one way only. That is by the abandonment of the use of tobacco. If the practice is continued it eventually leads to palpitation of the heart, and then any sudden shock, any unusual exertion, may carry death in the twinkling of an eye.

It has been said that 90 per cent of the sudden deaths in the country are of tobacco users in some form. We cannot vouch for the correctness of the statistics, but it is certain that the proportions are approximately correct. Especially is it true of those who contract the tobacco habit in early life, when the constitution and the intellect are still in the formative period. The practice cannot be too heartily condemned among boys.—Salt Lake Herald.

ELEMENTS IN A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS CAREER.

Fleming H. Revell is one of Chicago's most successful business men. These words of his to boys are well worth careful thought:

The man of mere intellect may be a fine scholar and a thoughtful student; but if these alone, he can never mingle successfully in the busy actualities of the world at large. There is needed a determination to make the world feel your ability, if you have any. It need not be shown in any way to annoy or disgust; quietly but persistently the intellect may be made to influence the lives of others.

The genius of the head may be exerted by the grasp of the hand, and the genial familiarity which thereby follows. Pluck and courage are required. To stand among the onlookers, meekly waiting an invitation to better your position, is pretty poor policy nowadays. While you are sitting on the fence viewing the procession or filling your present

position in a listless, haphazard manner, some of those in the wide-awake, moving throng will pass up and achieve wealth and renown. Keep looking onward and going onward. To stand still in this busy world is to go backward.

"Well, how shall I let it be known that I am around?" may here be asked by some young man. Let me venture an answer. By filling the position you are engaged in, no matter how humble or exalted it may be—whether cleaning windows, laying rails, writing letters, keeping accounts, selling merchandise, defending a law suit, printing a paper, building a structure or building a sermon—with the best thought, time and patience you have at your command, letting conscience be your guide.

If one is a salesman, a shipping clerk or a machinist, a bricklayer or an office boy, one should be a successful salesman, a successful shipping clerk, a successful machinist, a successful bricklayer or a successful office boy. That is, do honest, thoughtful work each day. Be a success as far as that day, that week, is concerned. Create a favorable impression thereby in the mind of him for whom the work is done, be he the foreman or proprietor, even if you do not secure adequate compensation. For of what benefit would it be to you to do poor work? You do not accomplish what you engaged to do, the work pleasing neither yourself nor the person for whom it was done. If such work attracts attention at all, it will be to condemn, instead of to admire, to "pull you down" instead of "push you up," and you have lost an opportunity to build for the future. This applies as well to a salesman as to a bootblack or a porter, to a bookkeeper as to a mechanic, physician, or business man, and the same thought can be carried into every part in life.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

That young man is a success who does good work according to his ability, who is constantly striving to do better, that he may in the end better himself. He should live within his means; for he is poor indeed, and no success in life, no matter what his estate may be, who lives above his income.

BRIEF CODE OF BUSINESS RULES.

After 40 years' experience in the strenuous life of Wall street, and all that time a factor in its exciting scenes, "Deacon" Stephen Van Cuten White, on the eve of his retirement from the active stage, has summarized for the future magnates of the bourse a code of business rules as follows:

1. Live up to the letter of your promises, verbal or written, though it takes years to fulfill the pledge.

2. In speculative engagements remember that the twentieth century traders are giants compared to the traders of old, and that operations henceforth must be conducted with a due regard to changed conditions.

3. Success in Wall street, as in all other business, can be achieved only by literal hard work in keeping abreast of the era, and keen perception of the psychological moment to take a profit or suffer a loss.

4. Make your word as good as your bond, and be as swift as the swiftest in greeting opportunity when it knocks or evading disaster when it casts a shadow.

5. Remember how swift is the pace, and don't enter a long distance competition when trained for short dashes only.

If the above were good only for Wall street speculation, space would not be given them in "Hints from Squints." They are, however, so fundamental and far reaching, that the are valuable to everyone.

GUMPTION OF JOHN RILEY.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company recently presented to John Riley, an engineer on the Pittsburg division, a gold watch valued at a thousand dollars and a check for five hundred dollars. The reason for the gift was that engineer Riley's locomotive was standing at Altoona one day, when the telegraph operator rushed out, notified him that a runaway train of fifty-six freight cars was dashing down the mountain toward Altoona, and warned him to

get his engine out of the way. Instead of complying with the operator's instructions, Riley ordered his fireman to get out of the engine, and crowding on steam, he ran back to meet the on-rushing train, sanding the rails as he went. As he saw it approaching about three miles to the westward of Altoona, he quickly reversed his engine, and started it forward, gauging the speed so that the impact of the runaway train would not derail his locomotive, and then gradually reducing the speed. Although he was unable to bring the train to a full stop until some slight damage was done, a great many thousand dollars worth of property was saved, and possibly several human lives. 'Tis not enough to know what to do, we must also know when and how to do it, and be able to put this knowledge into action.

POSSESSION NECESSARY TO REAL OWNERSHIP.

A colored man who died near Laurens, South Carolina, recently, had a most romantic history. Some years before the Civil War, being a bright young workman, he contracted with his master to pay fifteen hundred dollars, in fifteen annual installments, for his freedom. But about the middle of the war, after he had paid eleven hundred dollars on account, his master died, and, in settling up the estate, he was sold among the other slaves. He had married a free woman, however, and his wife bid him in at auction for eight hundred dollars, a friendly planter endorsing the wife's note. When the war closed, there was a balance of five hundred dollars due on that note, and Hunter was free and away, and could not be compelled to pay. But he never wavered. Though it took him years to do it, he paid every cent. But in those long years of struggle he had put the sole of his foot on some very valuable possessions. He had mastered the arts of industry, thrift, and frugality, and it was not long after his debt was paid that he was the owner of a fine farm, had a beautiful home, and was considered one of the best farmers in the state.

STRENGTH NECESSARY TO GOODNESS.

Be strong. In a certain business house the confidential clerk had been for some time making personal use of his employer's money, and covering it up by false entries. At last the manager discovered the theft, and also came to know that one of the younger clerks knew of these wrong transactions. When the clerk was asked why he did not inform the manager, he replied, "I had not the heart to do it." But the manager turned on him, and said, "You have not the heart to expose your friend's wrong-doing; you had not the heart to rebuke wrong; you had not the heart to insist on righteousness; you had not the heart to honor your own conscience; you had not the heart to serve the interests of your company. Such a weak heart in such a serious crisis is not commendable sympathy, but condemnable cowardice." Let us not forget that strength is essential to goodness.

THE NOBILITY OF COURAGE.

Be of a good courage. Courage is essential to true greatness. Moral, not physical, courage, is of the highest order. Multitudes of people who never saw a battle-field live lives truly heroic. In a subway explosion in New York City, William Tubbs, a mechanic, saw a fellow-workman rush out of the power-house crying that the magazine was on fire; but Tubbs rushed into the place, and strove to put out the flames. He was not responsible for the magazine, and could have run the other way without being charged with neglect of duty or of cowardice. He did not run, because he was a heroic soul. Courage is possible to every one of us, and is as valuable now as in the days of Joshua.

THE PATH OF DUTY PROTECTED.

There is in Naples a wonderful cave filled to the height of about three feet with deadly carbonic acid gas. But a man can walk through it in safety if he will take care to

keep his body upright. In the same way one can go through this world, surrounded on all sides with deadly temptation, and it will not harm him if he walks upright in the path of duty, and does not stop to dally with it or bend to it.

ABILITY TO DO.

At Cornell University all of the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students; but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow, who was unusually averse to getting his hands oily, begged to be exempted from wearing the leather apron, but the professor took special care that there was nothing lacking in the thoroughness of his training at the forge. After he had been out of the university a while, he went to see the professor, and thanked him for compelling him to learn blacksmithing. "You see," he said, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke, and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat, and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done that work, the entire mine would have lain idle for many days while awaiting the shipment of the shafting and the delays in the repair shops many miles away. My ability to do the work, raised me many fold in the estimation of every man employed in the mine."

WHAT CIGARET SMOKING WILL DO.

FROM A CIRCULAR TO TEACHERS BY SUPT. N. A. RICHARDS, SAGINAW, W. S.

Frequent reference is made by our teachers to the cigaret. Bad manners, low morals, truancy and nearly all the evils that disturb the teachers are associated with it. Boys cannot afford cigars, so they imitate the men they admire by smoking cigarets. They do not believe the teacher's story

about the harm that comes to mind and body by using the little cigar, although it is confirmed by the physician and the employers of boy labor.

Tobacco in any form dulls the mind of the pupil. "Statistics taken at the Northwestern University during the last nine years, (1904) show that the student addicted to the tobacco habit makes a much lower average in his class percentages than those which were not given to the habit." Dr. Fisk says: "Nine years ago we commenced keeping a record on this subject, and we have found that the boy who fails usually uses tobacco. With a single exception, not one pupil who used tobacco has stood in the first rank during the nine years. It is a fact that as the scholarship lowers, the ratio of tobacco users increases." Teachers, parents and truant officers should use every means in their power to restrict this pernicious habit.

Teachers would like to do something to prevent the sale of these coffin-nails; they would like to stir up the fathers to such an extent as to get the law enforced. We earnestly request every person into whose hands this circular is placed to read it with great care. Just what Mr. Lord says the cigaret did in the school referred to, that it is doing in our own. We hope this article may do much to arouse public sentiment and to bring about vigorous action looking toward the enforcement of law.

Parents and teachers should go through this article item by item and show the boys just what each means. Knowledge of the evils that result from certain habits will deter many from acquiring them and cause some to lay aside practices, the effects of which are destructive to mind and body.

Mr. Lord's Tracts.

In a certain school of about 500 pupils, grades up to the ninth year, it was found that the boys were very inferior to the girls in every way.

On looking for the cause of this difference, it was found that a large majority of the boys were habitual cigaret

smokers and that there seemed to be little or no other general difference in the every-day habits of the sexes.

An investigation was ordered to ascertain exactly how far the smoking was to blame for the boys' inefficiency and low moral condition. The investigation extended over several months of close observation of twenty boys whom it was known did not use tobacco in any form and twenty boys known to be "cigaret fiends."

The non-smokers were drawn by lot. The report represents the observation of ten teachers. The pupils investigated were from the same rooms in the same schools. No guess-work was allowed. Time was taken to get at the facts of the case on the twenty questions of inquiry—hence the value of the report.

The ages of the boys were from ten to seventeen. The average age was a little over fourteen.

Of the twenty smokers, twelve had smoked more than a year and some of them several years.

All twenty boys used cigarets while some of them also used pipes and cigars occasionally.

The following table shows the line of investigation and also the results:

	Smokers	Per Cent	Non-Smokers	Per Cent
1. Nervous	14	70	1	5
2. Impaired hearing	13	65	1	5
3. Poor memory	12	60	1	5
4. Bad manners	16	80	2	10
5. Low Deportment	18	90	1	5
6. Poor physical condition	12	60	2	10
7. Bad moral condition	14	70	0	0
8. Bad mental condition	18	90	1	5
9. Street loafers	16	80	0	0
10. Out nights	15	75	0	0
11. Careless in dress	12	60	4	20
12. Not neat and clean	12	60	1	5
13. Truants	10	50	0	0
14. Low rank in studies	18	90	3	15

	Smokers	Per Cent	Non-Smokers	Per Cent
15. Failed of promotion	79 times		2 times	
16. Older than average of grade.	19	95	2	10
17. Untruthful	9	45	0	0
18. Slow thinkers	18	90	3	15
19. Poor workers or not able to work continuously	17	85	1	5
20. Known to attend church or Sunday school	1	5	9	45

The following personal peculiarities were noticed in the smokers:

Boy No. 1 is undersized, wizened, unkempt and sallow.

No 2 is unable to think at all at times.

No. 3, weak, dull, often sick.

No. 4 has headache, sick spells, sore eyes and short sight.

No. 5 is mentally and morally dwarfed.

No. 6 is bad from first to last.

No. 7 is unreliable, a liar and deceitful.

No. 8 is abnormally weak and about to collapse physically.

No. 9 is lazy.

No. 10 has stopped smoking and is doing better.

No 11 has stopped smoking cigarets but smokes a pipe.

No. 12 has stopped smoking and is improving.

No. 13 is a type of hopeless unregenerate; has since been sent to the school for feeble minded.

No. 14 stops smoking by spells.

No. 15 his neighbors, teachers and others regard him a nuisance.

No. 16 is low down in the human scale.

No. 18 is a liar and a coward.

No. 19 is five years behind his grade.

No. 20 is simply a young tough.

Twelve cases had poor memories and ten of the twelve were reported as very poor, only four had fair memories and not one of the twenty boys had a good memory.

Eighteen stand low in deportment, only one is good, and

none are excellent. Seven of them very low, being constantly in durance vile, because of their actions.

Twelve of the boys are in poor physical condition, six being subject to "sick spells," and are practically physical wrecks already. Eight were reported as being in a fair or good condition, but none were excellent.

The table shows that the average efficiency of the average boy in this school who has never used cigarets is represented by about ninety-five per cent or, in other words, out of one hundred such boys, ninety-five of them are reasonably sure of getting at least a good common school education.

The other side of the table shows that of the cigaret fiends only from five to ten per cent stand any show in school, and they are two and one-fifth years behind their own grade and more than three years behind the girls they started with in the first grade.

Only one in the lot could be called a clean boy, and two were careful about their dress, while twelve were careless in dress, six being very careless, and evidently the same twelve are reported as uncleanly, four of whom are "downright nasty."

Ten, or just half the lot, are confirmed truants.

Eighteen have a low rank in studies, only two are even fair—none are good or excellent. Eight were not only low but very low in their standings.

Still, these smokers are from as good families, in the same schools, under the same teachers, and other conditions are the same as the boys who did not smoke.

All but one had been demoted at some time, and the lot had averaged in failure to be promoted four times. One boy had failed ten times (half-yearly), four failed in promotion eight times, and the rest from one to eight times.

Nineteen of them were older than the average of their grade and one was younger. They averaged two and one-half years older than they should be for the grade they were in.

Five of them were notorious liars, five of them were

known to be untruthful, while the rest were of different degrees of the Ananias class.

All but one were slow thinkers and none of them think quickly. Eight are reported as very slow mentally, and three absolutely dull.

The teachers who made this investigation expressed themselves to the parents of the boys as follows:

We desire to call the attention of parents to the fact that a large majority of boys in this city are smoking cigarets; that the boys who smoke are, on an average, years behind the boys who do not smoke and still farther behind the girls in the same grades; that the mental, moral and physical condition of many of these boys is extremely deplorable and will certainly continue to grow worse unless the habit is stopped; that while the schools are insisting that this and all other unclean and undesirable habits shall not be practiced in or about our schoolhouses or grounds, still crowds of boys are daily seen around the saloons and loafing at places of our streets, smoking, loafing, swearing and cultivating other undesirable habits.

This was plain talk and it had an immediate effect.

We ask that parents co-operate with us in eliminating these conditions so far as possible, to the end that we may give our future generation of young men not only an education, but healthy bodies, minds and morals.

We would ask parents to observe in the table given, that the cigaret-smoker is already well on his way to the conditions which indicate crime, trampdom, the jail, and general worthlessness. Memory goes first, closely followed by deportment, low rank in studies, bad physical condition, and general degeneracy.

We would also point out to parents that while pupils are within our domain as teachers (the school yard and school house), there will be no smoking and that while we shall do all in our power to discourage it anywhere, we are helpless to stop the difficulty without the personal co-operation of the parents, and we may as well add that we are unable to teach anything to the cigaret fiend, as his memory is

a blank, his power to reason damaged, ability to study ruined, and usually his ambition to excel entirely gone.

We would further point out to the parent of the boy who smokes, that the desirable places in the business world are being rapidly closed to the cigaret-smoker, and that already the banks, railroads, and many another business, by which the ambitious young man expects to climb to fortune and success have closed their doors as tightly to the cigaret smoker as to a drunken sot. Why? Because the business world has found by experience, as we teachers observe continually, that the cigaret-smoker is untruthful, deceitful, untrustworthy and inefficient.

When the investigation was finished the boys were called together and the facts placed before them in the plainest possible language. A longer-faced lot of boys it would have been hard to find than these that had heard the report. The results of the investigation were printed and sent to parents signed by the teachers.

It is estimated by the marshal of the town that seventy-five per cent of the cigaret smoking by boys has stopped. The moral and industrial condition of the school is wonderfully improved. What was called the worst school in the county is now spoken of as doing good work. The school board raised the salary of the teachers and principal twenty-five per cent. The people are pleased. The improved condition of the boys is noticeable in their language, dress, manner, efficiency and especially in their moral tone. The former principal and superintendent smoked.

A NOBLE ACTION.

Garrone made himself known this morning. When I entered the school (a little late, as I had been stopped by my old teacher of the first grade, who asked me at what time she might come to see us at home) the teacher had not yet arrived, and three or four boys were tormenting poor Crossi, the one with red hair, who has a paralyzed arm, and whose mother sells green vegetables. They would poke him with rulers, throw chestnut burrs in his

face and call him "cripple" and "monster," mimicking him as he appeared with his withered arm suspended by the sling from his neck. He was all alone at his end of the bench looking like a dead person, and was listening, looking first at one and then at another with supplicating eyes, beseeching them to let him alone, but they ridiculed him still more, and he commenced to tremble and redden with rage. All of a sudden Franti, the one with the ugly face, jumped on the bench, pretending that he was carrying two baskets on his arms, aping Crossi's mother as she used to come and wait for her son at the door; for now she is ill. Many began to laugh loudly. Then Crossi lost his head, and, grasping an inkstand, he threw it with all his might at the head of Franti, who dodged it, and it struck the chest of the teacher, who was just entering the schoolroom. The boys all scampered to their places and were silent and frightened.

The teacher, pallid, ascended to his desk, and, in an altered voice, asked:

"Who did it?"

No one answered.

The teacher looked again, raising his voice, and demanded: "Who did it?"

Then Garrone, moved with pity for poor Crossi, rose with a dash and said, resolutely: "It was I."

The teacher looked at him, and then at the other pupils, as though stupefied, and said in a tranquil voice: "No, it was not you."

After a moment he added: "The guilty one will not be punished; let him rise."

Crossi rose and said, crying: "They were beating me, they were insulting me, and I lost my head and threw—"

"Sit down," said the teacher. "Those who provoked him rise up."

Four arose with bowed heads.

"You," said the teacher, "you have insulted a companion who did not provoke you; you have marked an unfortunate boy, tormented a weak one who could not defend himself.

You have committed one of the lowest acts, one of the most shameful that can stain a human creature. Cowards!"

Having said this he descended among the benches, put a hand under Garrone's chin, who sat with his head down, making him raise his face; he looked straight into his eyes, and said: "You are a noble soul!"

Garrone, profiting by the moment, murmured something in the ear of the master, who turned toward the guilty ones and said: "I forgive you."—From The Heart of a Boy, by Edmondo de Amicis.

A FITTING REBUKE.

A mother not wishing her little girl to play in the sand-pile, very foolishly told her that there were bears in the sand, and if she played there the bears would bite her. The lie worked for a time, but when the good parson came to make a pastoral visit, he saw the little miss sitting primly on the steps, and being a sensible man, he said: "Come let's make a tunnel in the sand-pile." "No," said little Mabel, "there's a bear in the sand." But the parson at last persuaded her that her fears were groundless, and they played for a time in the sand. After the pastor had made his call and departed, Mabel said to her mother: "Mama, there aren't any bears in the sand, the preacher said so, and we played there." The mother felt conscience-smitten and confessed to the little girl that she had fibbed about the bears, and in order to teach her a lesson in confessing faults, said: "We'll go into the bedroom and kneel down and ask God to forgive mama." As the mother was about to pray, the little girl pulled her dress and said: "Mama, hadn't I better tell God about it, he won't believe you."

BOYS IN TWO PHASES.

We were standing at the foot of the stairs in a Michigan village schoolhouse awaiting the signal for the dismissal of the 500 pupils. The first signal had been sounded, the

second would soon start the movement of pupils to the halls. A heavy tread was heard coming along the upper hall, and soon there appeared on the stairs a husky high school boy bearing tenderly in his arms a deformed and crippled classmate. Down the stairs they came, joyously and carefully, out to the front door, where the crippled lad was neatly placed in his wheel chair and started on his way. The second signal rang, and on came the healthy, happy, careless, jolly crowd. They marched in line and step down the stairs, along the walk to the street, and their school was out. The inspiring sight of the happy pupils did not cause the writer to forget the little incident that preceded the march. On inquiry we learned that the crippled lad had been carried thus all through his school life thus far —to the tenth grade. His boy companions had assisted him. No one seemed to arrange for it, and yet the help never failed nor never was it grudgingly given.

That same afternoon, we saw those very same high school good Samaritans, playing a lively game of foot ball. There was some carrying, but not much apparent tenderness. "How rough boys are," said a lady spectator. "They just delight in hurting folks." Just then a hero of the gridiron dashed by with a look in his face that boded disaster to an opponent. He certainly looked ferocious in his gear and grit. The writer recognized in that lad, however, the burden bearer of the close of school, and his heart warmed and his blood tingled as he caught the sparkle of his eye.

Verily, boys are strange animals!

A TEST OF TRUE DISCIPLINE.

The Industrial School for Boys at Lansing, is one of Michigan's reformatories. Young lads are sent there for petty offenses and for chronic truancy.

All who have visited Lansing carry away very favorable impressions of the school. Supt. and Mrs. St. John feel very proud of their 600 boys and their teachers and attendants. The home plan, the self-control, the sport and work combined, the education of hand, head, and heart

seem most beautifully exemplified there. There came a test recently most unusual and exceptionally severe. The result was a glorious victory and brighter laurels for the school.

While the 600 boys were eating supper one day a bolt of lightning struck the shops just across the quadrangle from the dining room. The shock broke several windows in the dining hall and hurled to the floor one or two employes in the office.

It was later discovered that the shops were on fire. The boys were marched out and under the control of the lady teachers all the smaller boys were marched in unbroken columns to their cottages, many of them out of sight of the fire. The male employes began at once to assist in fighting the fire. The larger boys of the school, 300 in number, were turned loose to help save the contents of the building. How they worked! The pouring rain, the thick smoke, the intense heat, the excited thousands of commingling spectators, never turned one boy aside from duty. They stood by like heroes. They were as faithful and intent on saving the property as if it were theirs individually. After the fire was under control and the walls of the shops had fallen, Supt. St. John rang the evening bell, and within six minutes every boy of the institution was in his place at his cottage. The boys seemed proud of the chance to show their teachers that they could be counted on. Boys, we lift our hat.

THE CIGARET.

David Starr Jordan is president of Leland Stanford, one of the wealthiest universities on the continent; he is also one of the leading scientists of this country. He says that boys who have formed the cigaret habit are like wormy apples—they drop long before harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life, because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins smoking cigarets before his fifteenth year never enters the life of the world. When other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker.

CIGARETS AND CRIME.

In a certain western city within the past year there was a gang of 21 boys under 15 years of age arrested for theft. Twenty of them were cigaret fiends. Did the cigaret help to make thieves of them? I think so. A very large per cent of all young criminals are cigaret smokers. Does the cigaret help to make criminals of them? I think so. Every den of vice smells of cigaret smoke. Does the cigaret help to make dens of vice? I think so.

Let every boy before he becomes a slave to the cigaret understand that it will impair every faculty he has, moral, mental, and physical. The sense of right and wrong will be less acute, the memory not so good, the muscles not so strong and nerves not so steady.

Not every boy who smokes a cigaret will become a cigaret fiend, but there is a chance to take. It is safe to avoid the chanc

THE JOY OF SERVING.

Under date of April 24, 1905, the "Chicago Tribune" gives the following incident, which in these days of strenuous life has a hopeful, helpful, cheery lesson:

Z. G. Simmons, president of the Simmons Manufacturing Company and president of the Pikes Peak Railway Company of Kenosha, Wis., and a financier of national reputation, had a unique experience this morning.

As is his custom, Mr. Simmons had started to his office just before 7 o'clock and as he was passing through Central Park he happened to meet a ragged urchin carrying on his back a large basket of dirty clothing. The boy's name was Burdick and his mother was a washerwoman.

Mr. Simmons saw that the load was too heavy for the boy and when he came up to him he asked him to set the basket down. Then Mr. Simmons took one end of the basket while the boy took the other, and the two carried it down Main street. It was a strange thing to see a millionaire like Mr. Simmons carrying a basket of soiled linen, and a crowd soon collected. Mr. Simmons only smiled and

led the way to the nearest hardware store, where he went in and told the dealer to put out the best pushcart he had in the shop for the boy. Then Mr. Simmons and the boy came out, both happy in their new purchase, and both pushing the cart they started off for the home of the boy.

During the last three or four years Mr. Simmons has presented to Kenosha and its various institutions nearly half a million of dollars, but none of his gifts has attracted more attention among the people of the city than the one to the little son of the washerwoman.

JERRY OF FULTON FERRY.

The night was bleak, the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;
And some bought papers, and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
"Buy a Post, or a News, or a Mail, as you choose,
For my arm just aches wid weight av the news.
Express? Not a single one left for tonight—
But buy one av this little girrul, sir all right.
She's a regular seller here at the ferry,
And I reckomind her high," said Jerry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—
The price av a paper—plaze, sir, buy a Post?
Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah,
There's a foine report av a dridful fire,
And a child that's lost, and a smash av a train;
Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little girrul, and don't be afraid,
I'm schraichin fo' two till I start yez in trade.
While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man,
"The bell is ringing, I cannot wait;
Here, girl, a Commercial, as quick as you can,
The boat is starting—don't make me late."
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer,
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then—like a wild bird on the wing—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands and clung
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
"Where is the mean old man who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry,—
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands;
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!"
"Let us buy
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry!"
"No, indade," said the boy—"that's not w'at I meant;
I don't want yer money; I want that one cent
From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,
Who could stheal a cent from a gurrul like that.
Af ivver he tries that game again,
He'd better take me, and not Margery Flynn!"
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful reader,
Happened this that I have told,
Long ago that sturdy newsboy
All his daily papers sold.
And the pluck that dared a ducking,
To set right a weak one's wrong,
Served him well in every struggle.
And his life, both kind and strong,
Is a blessing and a comfort
To a world of needy boys,
Who like him, must work in play-time
With boot-brushes for their toys,
But around the Fulton Ferry,
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

MOTTOES.

Don't dodge duties.
Don't dodge difficulties.
Boys, keep your record clean.
Dare to do right.
Keep the tugs tight.
Hurry up and help along.
Be true.
Don't dawdle.
Busy not buzzy.

HINTS PEDAGOGICAL.

PRONUNCIATION TEST.

What fun they had! With what zest they entered into the contest! There were 60 words in plain black letters on a home-made chart. The words were common ones, but of a kind frequently mispronounced. These words had been put on the chart before the pupils from day to day during the term. Drills on them had been frequent but irregular. Odd minutes had been used just before closing school, just after intermission, sometimes in the grammar class, sometimes with the reading class. Pupils had tested each other on the list at recess and before school, voluntarily. Six pupils were sent out of the room, the following twenty words were put on the board, and one pupil after another of those sent out came back and pronounced the entire list over. The teacher merely kept account of the pupil's standing. Not a word or sign from anyone hinted to the contestants whether or not they were right in their pronunciation. When all had tried, the teacher announced the standing of each pupil.

By similar means the pupils of any school may in a term be made well nigh perfect in the pronunciation of 100 commonly mispronounced words, and in a year of school from 300 to 500 words may be mastered. The pupil will in the meantime also acquire a habit of watchfulness and accuracy that will be of precious advantage all through life.

Students leaving home to take further schooling or to go into business, will find that their culture educationally will be at first judged by their use of the language. Much embarrassment will be saved to those pupils who have been properly drilled in pronunciation, and often promotion will be more rapid because of this evidence of proficiency. Such

drill is so easily arranged, so pleasing to pupils, so helpful in life, that 'tis strange teachers in all grades do not make use of it. High school teachers certainly should be very alert in this matter.

List—Asia, forge, fruit, genuine, excursion, asphalt, penalize, wont, won't, cement, institute, oleomargarine, Himalaya, experiment, program, either, Arctic, goal, past, juvenile.

A NUMBER GAME.

Passing quickly through the aisles, crayon in hand, place a number on each slate, not going beyond sixty. A boy or girl is then called to the platform, holding the slate so that all can see the number. The children rise in turn, hold up their slates, and telling what the numbers are, ask the pupil on the platform a question. When he fails to answer correctly he goes to his seat, and the one who asked the question answers it and takes his place. The following are some questions that may be asked:

"My number is thirty-seven; how many more is yours than mine?"

"My number is ten; if ten cents, how many ten-cent tops could you buy, and how much over?"

"My number is twenty-seven; add mine to yours."

"How many nickels in your number?"

"If my number be taken from your number what will be left?"

"Your number is how many times my number?" etc.

This calls for close attention and rapid thinking.—Indiana School Journal.

THE MULTIPLICATION GAME.

Cut 144 slips of paper, each ¾ x 2 inches. Write the multiplication tables from $2\times1=$, to $12\times12=$, inclusive, one on each slip. You will find this to be an interesting and instructive game for the multiplication class on rainy days. The game is played as follows: Place the cards, face down on the table. Number one picks up a card, tells which card it is, and gives the answer. Number two picks up a card, gives the answer, and so on; now, supposing one of the players fails to give the correct answer, the next player

picks up a card, answers it, and also corrects the other one, thereby receiving both cards. The one receiving the greatest number of cards is, of course, the winner. The game may be varied by using the addition, subtraction or division tables in place of the multiplication tables.

SPELLING.

Not long since there came to the notice of the author an instance where a girl lost a good position which she greatly desired, the salary of which she and her family stood in need. She lost it because she was so poor a speller. A fairly good Latin student of a certain high school misspelled nine common words in a letter of but two pages of note paper.

Many and many a teachers' institute has been spelled down on ten common but catchy words. Persons naturally poor in spelling have become expert spellers after leaving school. Schools under one teacher have been notoriously weak in spelling, when after a few months under another teacher the same school wins the championship in a hotly contested spelling match with a school theretofore unconquered.

The English language is incongruous, illogical, complex and arbitrary in its spelling. Time may change it for the better, perhaps; but the present generation is confronted by a condition, not a theory. Nothing remains for us but to learn English as it is.

Spelling comes naturally to some. To some it may seem a hopeless accomplishment. Everyone can learn to spell. There are not more than 800 words of difficult spelling among the words used in the ordinary vocabulary. With a fair degree of common sense, application, and drill these words may be mastered.

We waste time spelling words that can hardly be misspelled, and by studying words that in all probability will never belong to the vocabulary of an ordinary mortal.

We fail in earlier grades to teach thoroughly the power of letters, articulation, pronunciation. We fail later in con-

centrating our efforts on the difficult words. We don't grease the squeak.

Suppose that in every grade of every school—high school, college, and all—the teacher invariably asked for the spelling of one or more difficult words in every lesson, without any fuss or flutter pupils all write the words on scratch paper. Why, just one word from a lesson means five a day or 100 per month. The student is thus soon taught to observe carefully in reading and studying. Keep a record of the misspelled words in all written exercises. Conduct frequent spelling matches on these words.

SPELLING MATCH.

In such matches do not use the old-time spelling down plan. That has too much of the element of luck in it. Sides can be chosen as of yore. Pupils may be seated so that sides sit opposite each other. Let all write the words, numbering them consecutively. Insist that capital letters begin only such words as the rules require to be capitalized. When the words have been written, let papers be passed to members of opposing sides for correction. Let the teacher plainly spell the list, pupils checking misspelled words, but not seeking to revise the spelling. Let papers be returned. Give opportunity for appeals. Next, let sides form as in olden time, on opposite sides of the school if desired. Then let the teacher say: All who have misspelled the first word, be seated; second, third and so on. Thus the fun of the old spelling match is retained with none of its luck and tediousness. Every one has been busy all of the time. He has spelled every word till the one missed threw him out of the contest. There has been no waiting for slow spellers, nor standing during a prolonged contest with nothing to do. Such contests may be had almost daily with any classes in which pupils are able to write. If but three or four words are pronounced, the plan may be used, for it takes but a moment, and adds interest. Of course in daily class tests, sides would not be chosen, nor any time taken to arrange pupils on sides. Boys may spell against girls, odds against the evens, blondes against brunettes, grade against grade, etc.

DERIVATIVE WORDS.

At one visit to a school we found that the teacher had just pronounced for the spelling class 25 words which were carefully written with ink in a blank book. In this list of words to a class of sixth graders were words like these: skin, speed, cancel, traffic, occur. We at once asked the class to spell: skinned, speeding, canceling, trafficking, occurred. Nearly every pupil misspelled a majority of the words. The trouble is, that we do not drill sufficiently on derivatives. The primitive words are easily spelled, some can hardly be misspelled unless with malice aforethought. The derivatives of these words are as much used as the primitives, and should be drilled on as much or more.

Without previous preparation test your advanced pupils with this short list:

auxiliary,	precede,	suet,	desiccated,
triple,	proceed,	clevis,	millennium,
trisyllable,	recede,	siege,	surcingle,
bilious,	supersede,	sieve,	picnickers,
inflammation,	trafficking,	seize,	indelible.

READING AND WRITING DECIMALS.

In one village school, pupils were slowly spelling out their decimals: "tenths, hundredths, thousandths," etc. In writing the decimals the work was just as laborious and bungling. Within an hour the writer saw a country school class in decimals gallop along like blooded racers on the track. An oral quiz like this preceded board work: "What are decimals places? Figures at the right of the decimal point. How many places for tenths? One. For thousandths? Three. For hundredths? Two. For hundred-thousandths? Five. For millionths? Six. Ten-thousandths? Four. What name is given to three places? Thousandths. Five? Hundred-thousandths. Two? Hundredths. Six? Millionths."

The rapid fire drill thus given was delightful. Pupils knew at once how many decimal places were required for each order up to and including millionths. They could

give the name if the number of places were announced. They could give the number of figures required to write any decimal up to six places.

The teacher next wrote on the board, rapidly, decimal after decimal, calling upon pupils individually and collectively to answer. Some pupils came along as echoes in the concert recitation. They were so slow in reading the number that the teacher concluded that she had not yet made her plan quite clear to them. She wrote "47" and said to one of these: "Read that." He said rather deliberately, "47." "Say it with more snap." He repeated it, "Say it just as quickly as you can." He rallied. Then followed 76, 123, 1056, etc. The pupil arose to the emergency. The teacher came back to "47." It was snapped back quickly. Then she put the decimal point before it, .47. "How many places?" "Two." "What name must we give it?" "Hundredths." .047 was next written. "Now how many places?" "Three." "What name?" "Thousandths." "Read it." "Forty seven thousandths." "Read this: 1056." "Now read it .1056?" The child stumbled. "Here, read this, 1,056." "How many places?" "Four." "What name does that require?" "Tens of thousands." "No." "Ten-thousandths." "That's it." "Now read 1056 as a whole number; next note that placing the decimal point before it gives it four places; hence call it ten-thousandths." Then came for class drill: .6000, 4.07, 1356 millionths, etc.

The next fun came when the wide-awake youngsters went to the board. There they stood, crayon in hand, alert, eager; it made one think of the sprinters in a field day 100-yard dash. The teacher called in rapid succession number after number. The pupils wrote almost as quickly as the teacher called. Their first move was to write the number just as given, without regard to its decimal character, then by means of ciphers prefixed and the decimal point give it the number of places to make it read right. Thus when the teacher gave "three-hundred seven, ten-thousandths," pupils wrote at once "307." They knew that "ten-thousandths" required four places; they had figures for

three already in 307. They had been drilled and drilled to place the cipher before the 307 to make up the four places, for if placed after it would not read "three hundred seven," but "three thousand seventy."

TARDINESS.

A good school is worth its cost in training pupils to habits of punctuality and promptness. These are virtues of incalculable value in life. The person who fails chronically to keep engagements is careless of the rights of others, discourteous, and worthy of the severe condemnation he receives.

Parents are frequently at fault for the tardiness among school children. Late breakfasts, errands, work, dawdling, unconcern, are among the causes. To remedy these requires much tact and good nature on the part of the teacher. Good, sensible talks with parents will usually prove effective. Let such parents see the comparative statistics on tardiness of their children and others of the school and neighboring schools. Explain, if need be, the evil effects of tardiness on the school, on the child, and on the citizen.

Pupils are more frequently at fault for tardiness. Ascertain always the causes before seeking to apply a remedy. Work on the popular sentiment of the school. Appropriate memory gems, judicious morning exercises, reading interesting continued stories for five minutes each morning before time for opening school, are all excellent plans we have seen used. Teachers have been found reading for this purpose: "Widow O'Callaghans' Boys." "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe's Paradise," "Little Men," "Little Women," etc. In some rural schools pupils had become so interested in the reading that a portion of the winter mornings were thus used.

The following specific plan was successfully tried by a school teacher of a village school where chronic tardiness had nearly driven her to drink.

With bright-colored crayon, draw a rainbow on the blackboard, and under this place, also in bright-colored

crayon, the names of the pupils who reach school on time, and in another place draw a square, writing "Tardy" above it with plain white crayon. In this write the name of all tardy pupils.

Of course return their names to the rainbow when the honor is earned.

The pupils will endeavor to retain the rainbow honor.

A certain high school was sorely troubled by pupils who were habitually tardy, largely through laziness, loitering, lounging, and faulty habits of life generally. The tardy pupils were obliged to come to the front of the room and read aloud this selection:

"Procrastination is the thief of time, year after year it steals till all are fled, and to the mercies of a moment leaves the vast concern of an eternal state. If not so frequent, would not this be strange? That 'tis so frequent this is stranger still."

Such a remedy would require a strong disciplinarian backed by the public sentiment of the school.

Publication of reports, competitive tests between schools of a township or county, between villages and cities, between rooms of the same school, all aid in stimulating helpful public sentiment.

However, let it be remembered that absence is worse than tardiness. Do not let the tardiness record be lowered at the expense of the attendance record.

READING NUMBERS.

The teacher had taught her pupils to name the periods of numbers from left to right as readily as from right to left. No attempt was made to go farther than billions, but the pupils could say billions, millions, thousands, units, as fast as they could count 100 when standing for "hide and coop." They knew that they were obliged to give no name to the period at the right, i. e., the units, but the names of the other periods were given promptly if any significant figures occupied the period. They had been taught to read the numbers quickly in each period as if it

were standing alone, and then give its name according to the place it occupied. There was no counting up, there was no hesitancy, there was no stumbling. The teacher dictated number after number, the pupils wrote them as fast as given, pointed off in a moment, and read with a vigor and accuracy as refreshing as a child's laughter, 31,410,057; 107,004,583,027. The pupils had been taught that three places meant a start with millions; four places, billions, etc. They knew the order readily, "billions, millions, thousands." They read "31" as if it were alone on the board; they gave its name, "millions," because it was in the third place from the right; they read "410" and named it "thousands," because it came nimbly onto their tongues that had repeatedly said "billions, millions, thousands." They read "107" and said, "one hundred seven," mind you, without an "and" or an "und" or a grunt between the "hundred" and the "seven." Neither did they say, "hunderd." Neither did they gasp to say "hundred" as if their life's entire energy was utilized in making that second syllable, "dred," instead of "derd." They spoke it trippingly on the tongue. They had been trained.

They named the period "billions" because it was fourth from the right; they read "four" and called it "millions," because it came as automatically as A, B, C. They had said billions, millions, thousands, so frequently that, once started, it said itself.

It was simply fun to hear them. They delighted in it as much as in their skill at ball or hop scotch. If ever necessary, quadrillions and trillions could be easily affixed, but was not the teacher sensible in drilling as she did, thus thoroughly on the part commonly used?

OBJECT LESSONS.

(The objects here named are to be placed before the pupils; it is supposed that they already have some general notions about each; the teacher's effort is (1) to cause them to be observant; (2) to improve their powers of expression; (3) to add to their knowledge. This last is

often poorly done. It is better to ask questions and let pupils look up answers; that is, let them add to their own knowledge.)

A BARREL.

How high is it?
What is the end diameter?
What is the diameter in the middle?
Why is the one greater than the other?
How many bushels will it hold?
How many quarts?
Of what wood is it made?
Who invented it?
Why is it so popular?
How are the hoops held together?
What does one cost?
For what are they used?
How do they differ?
Who makes them?
What are the parts called?
What of their shape?
How are the heads held in?
Why is the maker called a cooper?

FOR A HISTORY REVIEW.

A device helpful in reviewing history is to have cut from magazines, papers, or circulars, pictures representing characters or events in history.

After passing over a certain portion of our history and the class is ready for a review, pass the pictures to the class, giving each one a different subject.

Each child is given ten minutes in which to look up the subject of his picture and then require him to write.

The papers are corrected and handed back to be rewritten, and the pictures are pasted on neatly in some convenient place.

The children are very much interested in this way of reviewing and good results follow.

POLITE USUAGES.

What are some of the rules of polite or cultured people?
What rules are observed on entering and leaving a house?
What to clothing, hands, etc.?
What when you have visited on invitation?
What when you have received a gift?
What in general when a service is done?
What when you wish a thing done?
Should one be polite at home?
How about the voice in conversation?
How about breaking in when one is speaking?

SOME SCHOOL HINTS.

WEEDS.

Squint I. Burdocks going to seed in school yards indicate that the district officer or teacher or both have already gone to seed.

USELESS CHARTS.

Squint II. In many a schoolhouse may be seen an expensive and comparatively useless chart but no library. A smooth-tongued agent worked the school board. No teacher's tongue had been smooth enough to work the board for a much needed library.

ORNAMENT THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.

Squint III. Not more than one school ground in 25 is ornamented with handsome, thrifty shade trees. The houses on each side of the school ground and across from it have fine trees so it cannot be the soil. Who is to blame for the barren, desolate, dreary looking school yards?

Squint IV. Paw Paw's high school building is about 30 years old. It is a three story red brick structure as neat and trim as a Van Buren county schoolma'am. Ye editor has looked on it and into it occasionally for 20 years or more, and is always rejoiced at its tidiness and exquisite surroundings. Those bits of lawn flanking the diver-

ging walks, those thrifty and beautiful trees, the cheery and substantial red walls surmounted by Old Glory "leaping full length as we're wanting her to," warm the cockles in an American's heart. Ah, yes, but, when Supt. O'Leary invited the institute to visit the school library of 2,000 volumes, we noted that the patrons of the school present held their heads a little higher, their eyes twinkled a little brighter and yours truly said to himself: "God bless you, you have a right to feel good."

HOW TO SING "AMERICA."

Just a brief glimpse into Miss Hacket's room at Freeland, Saginaw county. It is a primary room. There were 30 pupils present at the opening. The singing was exceptionally good, and carried on without the teacher's help, and with no instrument to lead. The order was simply perfect. When the hymn "America" was called for, the pupils without a signal of any sort arose and stood reverently in the aisles. When they came to the last stanza of the hymn, all bowed their heads and sang softly and sweetly the beautiful prayer, beginning, "Our Fathers' God," etc. It was very impressive. Not one school in 10 rises to sing this song. Not one school in 100 sings the last stanza gently and impressively. Try it. 'Tis a beautiful lesson in reverence and patriotism.

TEACHING PENMANSHIP.

Not long since we saw a large number of specimens in penmanship from the lower grades of Saginaw, E. S., schools. The samples were so big, so plain, so pretty that it was with much interest we saw some of the actual work.

The rhythmic movements of an entire first grade class at the board were unique and interesting. The long, full sweep of the arms and hands contrasted pleasantly with the cramped and diminutive finger wriggles of erstwhile days.

After several weeks of such movement with crayon at the board the pupils write the same words with very soft,

large leaded pencils, on sheets of common print paper each as large as the top of the desk. Each word thus written extends across the large sheet. After several days or weeks drill thus, the paper is folded once, made half as large, and the word is made to fill the new sheet. Thus gradually lessening the sizes of the sheets, and increasing the number of words on each sheet, the hand-writing is made more nearly of the normal size. The samples from every pupil of each of the lower grades showed very conclusively that these pupils can write a large, round, plain hand in vertical style. The test will be continued with these pupils into the higher grades, and the result will be watched with much interest when these pupils are made to write rapidly, not for writing's sake, but for business.

The experiment gives a pleasure to the onlooker in its freedom and beauty.

TEACHER OR BUNGLER.

Many a student of the high school is now wrestling with the intricacies of algebra or geometry for the first time. Some of these young people may have come along through the grades without having been taught how to study, and with little power for consecutive, steady, virile thinking. Here is the opportunity for the true teacher to do incalculable good; here is also the chance for a bungler to do untold harm. The studies referred to are veritable whetstones for the wit. The bungling teacher may so use the whetstones as to make a dull, blunt edge, or perchance a feather edge. Two errors are common among high school teachers; viz: First, neglecting to take account of the child's stock of knowledge and mental powers; second, depending too much on the student's will power, and so making little effort to arouse interest in a study. Lord pity the class whose teacher is not also a true student. Let the teacher be wrestling with some new study which is as difficult to her matured mind, as algebra or geometry is difficult to the youth; then there will be sympathy with the

learner. The first lesson should be short and founded on the related previous knowledge of the learner. Reviews should be frequent; illustrations ample, varied, and illustrative. The progress at first may seem slow, but the first principles will be definitely and thoroughly fixed, power to advance easily and skillfully acquired, discouragement avoided, and the youth will feel a new found joy in his ability to conquer difficulties. The youth delights to think as well as the child delights to do. Review, review, review. Make haste slowly at first. Be sure that every member of the class is clear on every point. Take nothing for granted. This will save time and worry later, keep boys in school and accomplish the true aim of the studies.

PUT YOUR FLAG UP RIGHT.

Drive home this lesson: The flag put up with the stars down is a sign of distress; in decorations it is as incongruous and unseemly as would be Washington's portrait standing on its head, or a jacket on wrong side out; as rasping to the sensitive nerve and patriotic heart as a sore tooth or a soldier out of step. Few people are thoughtless or stupid enough to run the flag up the staff with the Union down, but there is no end of good souls who put up flags on walls for decorative purposes, and do that unpatriotic act. When a flag is on a staff protruding from a house the stars should of course be farthest from the house. This is also true of flags stretched on ropes extending from house to adjacent tree or post. For the love of good taste and decent conformity to patriotic usage, let us if necessary take a day off and so drill and train the oncoming decorators and public spirited citizens that they will put the flag right side up, and unmercifully roast those that don't.

BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES.

In one of the school libraries inspected in Gratiot county on a recent visit, the writer found nearly 20 volumes of

E. P. Roe's works. The library was a meager one, and very few other books were to be seen. Some school officer had been roped in by some book dealer. Doubtless the books were bargain counter products.

Library money should be expended most carefully and judiciously. The little children as well as the older ones should be thought of; the work of the school should be held in mind, and books helpful in classes should be in the library. There is nothing vicious in E. P. Roe's works, and at one time they were read by many light readers. But what sort of a mind can it be that could wade through the interminable sameness and vapidity of the entire list? Even authors who have produced masterpieces write some books that are not worth reading. Read as steadily and vigorously as we may, we cannot read all the good books. It is not sensible to load small libraries with complete editions of Dickens, Thackery, George Elliot, Cooper, MacDonald, Hugo, or any other voluminous writer, even though such writers may be of world wide reputation and famous for most excellent writings. How much more emphatic is this position concerning such mediocre writers as Roe, Mary J. Holmes, etc. In the case cited, how much better it would have been to leave Roe out altogether, or if necessary to appease some ardent admirer and influential patron, let "Barriers Burned Away or Opening of a Chestnut Burr" serve for the representation, and instead of the other volumes of Roe let there be put on the shelves: "Lorna Doone," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Ramona," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Les Miserables," "Last of the Mohicans," "House of Seven Gables," "King of the Golden River," "Widow O'Callaghan's Boys," "Seven Sisters," "Ten Boys," "Zauberlinda," "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Fauntleroy," "Coffin's Boys of '76," "Ben Hur." This list is by no means exhaustive or even model, but is sufficient to show what could be in the place of the dreary set of books that took up space in that school library, and absorbed the money of that district, just because some opinionated officer, or thoughless buyer, had the say so.

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE?

Riding through a rich agricultural community with the county school commissioner we came to a fine large brick schoolhouse, the immediate surroundings of which were mussy and forbidding. A visit to the interior left a still poorer impression. The walls were dingy, the floors and windows dirty, and patches of plaster had fallen from the walls. There were no window curtains, no library, one of those dollar reprint dictionaries, an unblacked stove, a zig-zaggy stovepipe that evidently had as much trouble finding its way home as does an intoxicated pedestrian. Worst of all was the poor excuse for a teacher that the score of children had to endure. She did not look as if she knew much, and events soon proved that her looks did not belie her in the least. She had neither grace nor gumption, vigor nor vivacity to compensate for the lack of looks or "larnin'."

A pain settled under one's shoulder blade as he thought of what those children had to suffer. We rejoiced when the commissioner suggested that we should visit one more school before dinner. As we rode away the commissioner said, "That district has money at interest and has a valuation of $280,000. It hires the cheapest teacher it can get, and in spite of my suggestions and entreaties will not fit up its schoolroom or provide the inspirational and necessary outfit for a school."

Our next stop was before a much smaller but very neat schoolhouse. The yard was as sleek as the best kept lawn on the road. The windows showed their pretty shades clear from the highway. The interior was not disappointing, was as neat as wax from stove poker to schoolma'am inclusive. Pretty paper decorated the walls, and a tinted ceiling made the room cheery. A few fine pictures hung from the walls, some small reprints were tastefully grouped below the clock over which was draped "old glory." There was a book-case of well selected library books, and the librarian's list showed that it was well used. An organ ornamented one end of the platform, and a reading table the other. Yes, right there in that little district was a

rack of papers and magazines. A good but well-thumbed copy of the latest "Webster's International" was handily placed on a permanently fixed inclined shelf.

As one would surmise, there was a teacher there. Those children had the advantage of as good instruction as the children of any favored city school would have. Best of all, they knew it. They showed it. 'Twas restful to visit that school. It was as tidy, cosy and attractive as any sitting room. No wonder that every child in the district was enrolled. No wonder the average attendance reached 96 per cent.

Yet note this: that district's valuation was less than $40,000, but they hired the best teacher they could get, and kept the best ones just as long as they could. Those people were paying a big school tax, but they were getting value received. The other district was saving money here, but not laying by any treasure. What made the difference? Probably one or two men on the school board.

A SELF-CONTROLLED READING ROOM.

In a high school room recently visited the following plan is in operation:

A room has been set apart for a reading room and put in entire charge of the high school pupils. A very complete and valuable assortment of periodicals has been secured by the pupils, and properly placed in a convenient rack. Seven high school pupils are chosen to take care of the room. Each of the years of the high school elect one representative to this board, and three are chosen from the literary society. One of these persons sits for an hour at the reading table in charge of the room, then another takes his place, and so on through the day. Regulations as to order are made by the pupils. A penalty of one week's denial of privilege is inflicted on a pupil for whispering in the room, one month for disorderly conduct. A pupil coming to the reading room brings a check from the teacher of his room showing the hour he left the class room; the person in charge of the reading room takes the check and

records the time of arrival and of leaving the reading room. The room is much used, and the plan of self-control seems to work admirably.

WHAT WE CAN DO FOR THE FLAG.

We know now something of what the flag means, and of what it has done for us.

Now let us see what we can do for our flag.

"Be like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Grant," said one little boy.

Or, like Benjamin Franklin, we can try to be:

Temperate,
Clean,
Orderly,
Resolute,
Frugal,
Industrious,
Sincere, and
Just.

M. Y. O. B.

Put the foregoing cabalistic letters in large plain print on the board before your school. Put it high up in some corner where it may remain undisturbed for the term or year.

Many a man has grown rich and famous by adopting it as his motto, and making it a rule of action. It is good in school or life. Try it, and "*Mind Your Own Business.*"

A LITERATURE METHOD.

A teacher suggests the following, which I think is worth adopting. A certain author is chosen for one month. Each pupil is called upon to prepare something on that author for some particular morning. Suppose Longfellow is the poet studied. This morning someone would recite The Village Blacksmith; tomorrow someone would give a brief

account of Longfellow's school days; next day there would be a recitation of Excelsior, and so on throughout the month. This is a plan that may be used from the primary grades through the grammar and even into high school.

COMPLETING QUOTATIONS.

Another interesting exercise is for the teacher to begin familiar quotations, as those given below, and allow the pupils to finish them and give the author.

Full many a gem.—Gray.
A thing of beauty—Keats.
To thine own self—Shakespeare.
Tell me not in—Longfellow.
We live in deeds, not—Bailey.
To be, or not to be—Shakespeare.
Vice is a monster of—Pope.
The day is cold and—Longfellow.
Oh, that some power—Burns.
'Twas ever thus from—Moore.
Truth crushed to earth—Bryant.
Remember thy Creator—Solomon.
And the cares that—Longfellow.
The man who seeks one—Owen Meredith.
God made the country—Cowper.
The Niobe of Nations, there—Burns.
O Woman! in our hours—Scott.
A little learning—Pope.
Break, break, break—Tennyson.
Go wing thy flight from—Moore.
Know then this truth—Pope.
But pleasures are like poppies—Burns.
Proscrastination is—Young.
Honor and shame—Pope.
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—Longfellow.

STUFFING.

In a huge chicken ranch at Sidney, Ohio, the writer saw the following very interesting operation:

The owner buys from the surrounding country many thousands of fowls. Whatever the age, breed or condition they are placed in small compartments or coops made of lath.

Twice each day they are visited by the stuffing gang—two men and a machine. The men are provided with a quantity of mixed food composed of oat meal, corn meal and buckwheat flour mixed with sour milk to the consistency of pan-cake batter. The machine is a small force pump operated by the foot of one of the men.

One man takes from the coop a fowl and holds it gently and securely in a convenient position. The other man inserts a smooth brass tube into the mouth and gullet of the fowl. He then by means of his foot forces the mixed food down the chicken's throat till its crop swells as if the fowl had swallowed a base ball. The hen is then replaced in its coop to meditate on its easily acquired cropful and digest its contents. Thus all are served. Twice each day each fowl is thus treated. The fowl's appetite or inclination is not consulted. The plan works admirably, increasing the weight and condition of the birds rapidly.

The operation, however, was exceedingly funny to the onlooker for the first time. The funny feeling was greatly increased, moreover, as we thought of the teachers who were attempting to educate pupils in much the same manner by stuffing the innocent pupils with prepared mental pabulum, and sagely dubbing it "education."

THE SLAVERY SEE-SAW.

Prof. S. D. Fess suggests the following facts as valuable in arousing an interest in the study of a very vital portion of United States history:

When the Constitution of the United States took effect, the government represented 13 states, seven of which were free, and six slave. The first new state admitted was Vermont, a free state; but the next two were Kentucky (1792), and Tennessee (1796), both slave states, which made the two sections equal in the Senate. They will,

henceforth, come in pairs, the one to balance the other. Ohio, in 1803, and Louisiana in 1812; then, Indiana in 1816, and Mississippi, in 1817; then Illinois in 1818 and Alabama in 1819. It was at this time that the serious struggle over the admission of Missouri came up and after great agitation it was provided to establish the state of Maine admit it and then admit Missouri with the proviso that a line be drawn to separate the free from the slave portion of state; then came the state of Arkansas in 1836 followed by the state of Michigan the next year.

Little agitation occurred over the admission of Florida, in 1845 but the effort to annex Texas was the occasion of a fierce political storm. It ended in admission of the state in 1845, giving the South a majority of four in the Senate. In 1846, the state of Iowa was admitted followed by Wisconsin in 1848, which re-established the former equilibrium. The war with Mexico ended with a cession of more territory in the southwest; but, owing to the character of the soil, it could be of little advantage to the section which would naturally expect it, and the immigration into California being largely from the North committed the first state carved out of the Mexican cessions to the policy of freedom. This was conclusive evidence of the loss of the Senate. Calhoun had warned the people of the country of the danger of destroying this equilibrium. By 1861, the North had two branches of the Legislature, the Executive, and in time we shall see it control the judiciary. This situation left the country in a serious attitude of mind. It ended in civil strife.

HINTS MISCELLANEOUS.

ATTENTION AND MEMORY TEST.

1. One fat hen.
2. Two squawking wild geese.
3. Three plump partridges.
4. Four ducks.
5. Five hundred Limerick oysters.
6. Six hundred Macedonian horsemen, drawn up in battle array.
7. Seven pairs of Don Alphonso's tweezers.
8. Eight cages of hileo-gavenon-spare-gites.
9. Nine sympathetic, apathetic, categorical propositions.
10. Ten old-fashioned, flat-bottomed ply boats, sent to ply between Matamoras and Madagascar.
11. Eleven Ethiopian singing and dancing masters, sent to teach the Egyptian mummies how to sing and dance on Hercules's wedding day.
12. Twelve dozen bottles of Adolphus Pholphus schiedam schnapps, used and approved in all hospitals and similar institutions throughout the United States, Germany, France and Great Britain.

Suggestions.

The foregoing is a most excellent test of verbal memory and the attentive powers, as well as source of amusement, to bright people. Let the company be arranged in a circle or regular line. Let the leader give distinctly the first sentence; the person next to the leader repeats it at once and exactly to number two of the line; number two to number three, and so on to the end. The leader then repeats the second sentence, immediately following it by the first sentence, as: "Two squawking wild geese. One

fat hen." This goes down the line. Then the leader gives the third sentence and repeats two and one, as: "Three plump partridges. Two squawking wild geese. One fat hen." This is taken up by number one in line and repeated exactly. Number two follows when number one has finished. It is but fair to vary the order a portion of the time, and let the person at the farther end of the line take up the first repetition. Sometimes, for fun, competition, general breaking up of formality, let the persons both at right and left of the leader take up the repetition at the same time, and the contest go each way along the line till it meets somewhere near the middle. One can soon sort out those with greatest attentive power.

DEBATING CLUBS.

No language work excels that of debates. Every school having pupils above the fourth or fifth grades should plan for debates. Select questions of present interest or of a nature that plainly offer a fine chance for difference of opinion.

Topics of the history, geography, civil government, and political economy classes, may most profitably be made subjects for debate. The subject matter of the books will thus be more thoroughly and understandingly mastered because of the interest awakened. Pupils prepared to debate have something they wish to say, and a way will be found to say it. Too frequently in our formal language work we seek to get the student to speak or write when he has no desire to use language and has really nothing to say.

Teachers should themselves study carefully the best methods of conducting debates. Suggest to pupils of each side the advisability of dividing the several parts of the question among the members comprising the team, so as to avoid repetition and to save time. Suggest to debaters that when following an opponent they should not at first attempt a reply to the points made by their adversary, that would give the impression that such points were

considered as of great importance. Do not, however, neglect to reply to each point if possible, either in your regular speech or at its close, after you have advanced your own arguments.

Teach students to be fair and courteous. Never misstate or misquote the points made by your competitors. It is legitimate to refute sometimes by a humorous turn, and this is occasionally the most effective of plans. Do not, however, fancy that you are gaining points for your cause by making faces at your opponent. Keep cool. Do not lose your temper, or if you do, don't let anybody know it. Keep your voice pitched low, or if in the excitement often engendered by a spirited contest, the voice naturally rises in pitch, do not fail occasionally to drop to a lower key and for a time at least speak more slowly. This will aid the speaker in self-control. In debates, as in disputes, the onlookers usually think that the person who shouts the louder or shows more temper is being worsted in the argument. Do not refer to opponents by name, but say: "The speaker who preceded me," "The first speaker on the affirmative," "One of our honorable opponents," etc. Be natural. Use common words. Study Hamlet's advice to the players, and do not "mouth your words."

Suggestive Subjects.

Formal questions may be framed from any of the following hints:

Relative merits of Washington and Lincoln, Hamilton and Jefferson, Grant and Lee, Bryant and Whittier. Compare evils of war and intemperance. Tariff and Free Trade, Reciprocity, Expansion, Prohibition, Local option, Negro suffrage, Labor unions, government ownership and operation of railways, telegraph and express business; Primary caucus reform, Recognition of Panama, Independence of the Philippines, Relative merits of classic and scientific studies, Manual training in common schools, Size and selection of city boards of education, Reading newspapers, Income tax, Evils of trusts, Capital punishment, Free coinage of silver, College education, Free text-books, Consolidation of rural

schools, Township high schools, Amusements, Athletics, Ship subsidies, Corporal punishment in schools, Single tax—Henry George idea, Uncle Sam's treatment of the Indians, Chinese exclusion, Indeterminate sentence, Educational qualification for suffrage, Property qualification for suffrage, Disfranchisement of the negro, Southern states representation in congress, Constitution following the flag, Open door.

Current questions before the public are always interesting.

THAT HAT.

She sat well toward the front. Her hat was large, and in that audience of hatless heads seemed unusually immense. It's upturned rim and ponderous plumes made a total eclipse for at least three or four people, a partial eclipse for a half dozen more, and a nuisance for a score. But one other woman in the audience kept her hat on her head, that was a little prim old maid, who evidently was afraid to muss her ribbons or perhaps could not bring her sense of propriety to the proper pitch. A woman must be supremely self-centered, selfish, obtuse, conceited or pig-headed, who will wear her hat in an audience where the request has been made to remove the headgear, or where custom has made it the rule thus to do. One of two conclusions is justifiable. She is afraid that her hair will come off with her hat, or she is a mighty uncomfortable woman to live with.

A POTATO DIGGER.

'Twas out in Colorado. In the bright warm sunshine that had come through 95,000,000 miles of ethereal blue there sat a fellow under a white cotton umbrella, on a red machine, driving two fine bay horses through the potato field of 40 acres.

Forty acres of potatoes! Think of it! The mere thought of picking up that many potatoes would have given the writer, when a boy, a forty-horse power backache that could have been cured only by life in a two days' fishing camp.

But what is the man doing with that machine? He's digging potatoes, picking them up, sorting them into three grades, putting them in sacks, tying the sacks, and leaving them ready for the market. He's doing the work of six men and three boys.

Where are the men the machine has displaced? Sitting by sucking their thumbs and whining because of this oncoming march of machinery? Maybe they think to stop progress by burning the machine. Perhaps education has given them versatility and power to change their labor and work in the shop that makes the machine that beat them out of their other job.

An educated head is a pretty good ally to an educated hand.

GOOD GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

SLING SHOT.

Fourth and Fifth Years.

(First and second primary and seventh and eighth grammar grades.)

Form a large circle. One player stands in the center and whirls a rope, with a bean bag on the end, under the feet of those in the circle, who jump as it comes to them. Whoever is caught by the rope must exchange places with the one in the center.

BEAN BAG RACE.

Fourth and Fifth Years.

(First and second primary and seventh and eighth grammar grades.)

The players stand in lines (about 12 in a line), and bags are passed from child to child. Each line should have about ten bags. The line wins that finishes first, i. e., passes all of its bags to the end of the line. The game may be varied by having each child pass the bags from one hand to the other before handing them to his neighbor,

or by raising the bags overhead, or touching them to the floor, first with one hand, then with the other, before passing.

DUCK ON THE ROCK.

Fifth to Eighth Years.

(All grammar grades.)

The players decide who shall be "it," or guard, by throwing their bean bags, called "ducks," at an Indian club placed at a distance of about 20 feet, and the one whose bean sack lands nearest the mark is "it," or guard. The guard places his duck (bag) on the club, and the other players try to knock it off with their ducks, throwing in turns from a line 15 or 20 feet from the stake. As long as the guard's duck is not knocked off he may tag any one, who advances to recover his duck; whether the duck is recovered or not, the player is not safe until back to the throwing line. If the guard's duck is knocked off all the ducks may be picked up until the guard replaces his duck on the stake. The guard must continue to be guard until he has tagged someone, and even then must get his own duck and run to the throwing line before the player tagged can get his duck on the stake. The distance of throwing line or "home" from the stake may be increased to add to the interest of the game.

NUMBERS CHANGE.

Third and Fourth Years.

(First, second and third primary grades.)

The children are numbered and stand in a circle. The child who is "it" stands in the center and calls two numbers. The children whose numbers are called must change places, while the child who is "it" tries to get one of their places. The child who is left without a place becomes "it."

SQUAT TAG IN A CIRCLE.

First to Fourth Years.

(All primary grades.)

One child stands in the center of the circle and tries to tag someone in the circle, who must "squat" to avoid being caught. If tagged before he squats he must take his turn in the center.

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Second and Third Years.

(Third, fourth, fifth and sixth primary grades.)

A child holding a handkerchief runs around the outside of the circle and drops the handkerchief behind someone. The child behind whom the handkerchief is dropped tries to catch the first child before he gets to the vacant place in the circle. If caught, he must be "it" again; if not, the second child is "it."

FOX AND FARMER.

Third and Fourth Years.

(First, second, third and fourth primary grades.)

The children form a circle, the one chosen as "fox" standing in the center, and the "farmer" standing outside the circle. The farmer sees the fox in his vineyard, and says, "What are you doing in my vineyard?" The fox answers, "Stealing grapes." The farmer says, "I'll send my dog after you," and the fox says, "I don't care if you do." Then the fox runs in and out between the children in the circle, the farmer following in exactly the same track. If caught, the fox goes to his place and another is chosen; if not caught, another farmer is chosen and the fox may be fox again.

STRADDLE CLUB.

Fourth to Eighth Years.

(Upper primary and all grammar grades.)

Players stand in two or more lines, one behind another, with the feet apart in straddle position. At the signal the leaders of the lines each slide an Indian club between the feet, from the front toward the rear of the lines; the last one in each line, when he receives the club, runs with it to the front, takes position at the head of the line, and starts it in his turn. The line wins whose leader returns first to the front. If the club is allowed to skip a player it is counted a foul, and must be returned to the player skipped, who then starts it. This game can also be played with a ball.

JUMPING ROPE.

Fourth to Eighth Years.

(Second primary to first grammar grade.)

Fox and Geese (Large Rope).

(a) Rope turned toward jumper.
(b) Rope turned away from jumper.
1. Run under (a).
2. Run under (b).
3. Run in (a), jump once, run out.
4. Run in (b), jump once, run out.
5. Continue to five jumps.

Repeat in pairs, threes, etc., as long as time allows. The children form in line and take turns. The first one to miss "takes an end," and the one relieved from turning goes to the end of the line. When jumping in pairs the one relieved takes the place of the one who misses.

FANCY JUMPS (Single Rope).

1. Run in (alternate a and b) and jump three times with one of the following arm positions: 1, hand on hips; 2; on shoulders; 3, on head; 4, circle arms over head.

2. Run in (alternate a and b), and jump three times, as follows: 1, on both feet; 2, on one foot; 3, on alternate feet; 4, rocking step.

3. Run in (a), turn half around in two jumps and run out on the same side; 2, turn all the way around in two jumps and run out on the opposite side; 3, run in (b), jump three times; 4, call somebody in on the second jump, jump once together, and run out on opposite side; 5, run in and jump to five, call some one in on the first jump. This player should call some one in on the first jump, etc. There will be five in at one time. Run out on opposite sides.

PRISONER'S BASE.

Fifth to Tenth Years.

(Grammar and higher grades.)

A large goal is marked off at each end of the ground, with a small base or prison adjoining the forward right hand corner. The wide open space between the goals is neutral territory. The object of the game is to enter the opponents' goal. The entrance of one player means a victory for his side. As one player advances for this purpose, or gives a "dare," the opponents send out a player to tag him, when the first side immediately sends out a second player to "cover" or protect the darer by trying to tag his opponent. The opponents' side then sends out a second player to "cover" their first one. He is at liberty to tag either of the other two players. In this way any or all of the players may be out at one time, though it is unwise to leave the goal unguarded. Any player may tag any of the men from the opposite side who left their goal before he did, but none who came out after he did. Whenever a player returns to his home goal, which he may do at any time, the man who went out to cover him must return also, and, of course, the man who went out to cover this second one, etc.

Any player caught (tagged) is placed in the opponents'

prison ("prisoner's base"), where he must remain until rescued by one of his own side. The prisoner may reach as far out of the prison as possible, so long as one foot is within it. He and his rescuer cannot be tagged while returning home, but the rescuer may be tagged before he touches the prisoner. One rescuer may free only one prisoner at a time.

Much finessing is possible by engaging the enemy on one side of the ground while a good runner is held in reserve to dash into the enemy's goal on the other side.

Each side should have a captain to maintain discipline, take general direction of the game and decide with the opposing captain any disputed points.

In organizing the teams the two captains are elected, and they can then take turns in choosing men for their teams.

NATIONS—AN EVENING GAME.

BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

To satisfy the never-ceasing demand for something new for evening parties, the game of nations will be found entertaining. The questions may be written on pieces of stiff white bristol board, to which pencils decorated with red, white and blue ribbon are attached. But the more informal way is to write each question on a separate slip of paper and fasten it to articles of furniture or to the draperies. The guests should then be provided with pencils and paper numbered to correspond with the questions. A little silk flag may be awarded to the one correctly guessing the greatest number.

Questions.	Answers.
1. The nation from which we start.	Germination.
2. The nation for pupils.	Subordination.
3. The nation for actors.	Impersonation.
4. The nation for a popular prince.	Coronation.
5. The nation for theological students.	Ordination.
6. The nation for a politician.	Nomination.
7. The nation for the ungodly.	Domination.
8. The nation for an unpopular official.	Resignation.
9. The nation opposed to darkness.	Illumination.

Questions.	Answers.
10. The nation for a contagious disease.	Vaccination.
11. The nation for pests.	Extermination.
12. The nation for wrong doers.	Condemnation.
13. The nation for the irresolute.	Determination.
14. The nation for the superstitious.	Hallucination.
15. The nation which monopolies desire.	Combination.
16. The nation towards which we lean.	Inclination.
17. The nation which indicates a class.	Denomination.
18. The nation for the frightened.	Consternation.
19. The nation for the tardy.	Procrastination.
20. The nation we have now reached.	Termination.

A BOY'S PERSISTENCY.

At a crowded inn at the time of the state fair, several families were yarded off in the parlor by screens, and provided with cots. One family had a boy in the young barbarian stage. After all had gone to bed, the lights had been turned down, and the tired sojourners were just composing themselves for their first nap, the boy was heard to say in a hoarse whisper, which later grew to be very peremptory in tone: "Mama! Mama!" "Well," said the weary mother, "what is it?" "Want a drink," came the reply. Of course, so long as the child was up, and everybody stirring, water convenient, etc., the boy had no thought of drinking; but now, when to tread the labyrinth of cots, screens, chairs, etc., would be a reckless hazarding of shins and toes, the boy was choking. Mother said, "Oh, we can't get a drink now, go to sleep and forget it?" That lasted him about three minutes, when again the call came: "Mama! Mama! Mama!" "Well, what do you want?" in a tone of voice indicating complete surprise. "Want a drink," again came the reply. Again the explanation was made and the request refused. When the lad made his third call, after a few minutes, a much heavier voice responded: "What do you want?" "Want a drink," came back the prompt reply. "If you dont' shut up, I'll spank you," was the liquid refreshment the boy got from his father. That

apparently satisfied the lad for five minutes, when he again resumed the attack, this time with "Papa! Papa! Papa!" "Well, what do you want?" "When you get up to spank me will you get me a drink?" Snickers outnumbered the snores in that parlor.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S CREED.

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book, in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life and in out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living. Amen.

One of the inspirational Cornhill Dodgers, published by Alfred Bartlett, Boston.—Copyright 1901 by Alfred Bartlett.

POINTERS FOR FREE TEXT-BOOKS.

Grass Lake and Chelsea are thriving country villages on the Michigan Central railroad in Jackson county, Michigan, about 11 miles apart.

The conditions at the two places must be nearly the same it would seem. Chelsea adopted free text books several years ago, and their text books have cost on an average but 54 cents per pupil per annum. During this same time Grass Lake has paid 96 cents per annum per pupil. In other words, Chelsea pays but little more to supply 400

pupils with text books under the free text book law than Grass Lake pays for 200 pupils under the present system.

In Chelsea every child has his book the first day of school; in Grass Lake there are pupils who are not yet supplied with the text books needed though school has been running for weeks. Chelsea's text books are just as good as those of Grass Lake. It cost the district of Chelsea but $90 for text books in 1896. It cost Grass Lake that year with half as many pupils $165. How long will the conservatism of Grass Lake stand battering by such knock down arguments? Are Grass Lake people afraid that some of the childless wealth of its district will have to bear its little fraction of additional expense for free text books? That was the cry in Michigan that sought to oppose free education, and retain the old rate bill. It won't stand public sentiment long after the public gets the light.

THE LITTLE TIN PAIL BRIGADE.

IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS, MONROE CENTER, MICH.

I sing of a dauntless band,
Who are forming in line today,
All over our broad fair land,
They are drilling, drilling away.
Under the red, white and blue,
Undaunted and undismayed,
With purpose and courage true,
See the Little Tin Pail Brigade.

With a trust sublime and grand,
They are marching into the fight,
With a willing heart and hand,
To battle for the right.
And the hosts of Ignorance,
Will certainly falter, afraid,
When they mark the sturdy advance,
Of the Little Tin Pail Brigade.

And may wrongs of every name,
  And sins of every hue,
Surrender and hide in shame,
  For these soldiers, bravely true,
And all that is low or mean,
As it meets each lad or maid,
Will be nobly conquered, I ween,
  By this Little Tin Pail Brigade.

And to each and every one,
  May courage and strength be given,
For when the victory's won,
  A crown awaits in Heaven.
The battle may last for years,
Or may close with this evening's shade,
So give prayers and love and cheers,
  To the Little Tin Pail Brigade.

OLD-TIME POSTAL RATES.

The first law of congress fixing rates of postage was passed February 20, 1792, and went into effect June 1, 1792. The charge established for transmitting letters was as follows:

Not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents.
Over 30 miles and not exceeding 60 miles, 8 cents.
Over 60 and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.
Over 100 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents.
Over 150 and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.
Over 250 and not exceeding 350 miles, 20 cents.
Over 350 and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.
Over 450 miles, 25 cents.
The person receiving the letter had to pay the postage.

KNEW WHERE HE WAS HIT.

A doctor was called to attend a good old farmer who had been accidentally wounded by a shot from his gun. After the examination the physician said: "My dear man, you

were shot right between the diaphragm and the duodenum." "No, no, doctor," said the wounded man, "twarn't there, 'twas right between the corncrib and the woodshed."

OTTO AND THE AUTO.

EDWARD VANCE COOKE.

'Tis strange how fashion makes us change the objects we admire;
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the steedless tire.
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,
But the thing was autocratic
As well as automatic,
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to speak.
He thought to get an auto-operator for the work,
At first he tried a circus man and then he tried a Turk,
For he knew the circus man drove fifty horses with success,
And if a man be shifty,
Enough to manage fifty,
It's palpable he ought to manage one horse-less.

As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can,
He ought to run an auto, since a Turk's an Ottoman;
'Twas all no use, so Otto moved to Alabama, purely
That he might say, "I'm Otto,
From Mobile, and my Motto:
'A Mobile Otto ought to run an automobile surely.'"

Then Otto sought to auto on the auto as he ought to,
But the auto sought to auto as Otto never thought to,
So Otto he got hot, oh very hot! as he ought not to,
And Otto said, "This auto ought to auto, and it's got to."

And Otto fought the auto, and the auto it fought Otto,
Till the auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to.
And then, Great Scott! the auto shot to heaven—so did Otto—
Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought to.
—In Smart Set.

ADVANTAGE OF AN EARLY START.

A darkey's mule was sick unto death. The doctor prescribed a dose of calomel, and told the darkey to give it in a powder by putting the medicine in a paper funnel and blowing down the mule's throat. Not long after he was called to the darkey's bedside, and saw at once that the man had taken an overdose of calomel. He said: "I gave you that calomel for the mule, not for yourself." "Yes," said Pete, " I know dat, but de mule blew fust."

THE RECRUIT.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad one.
Now turn out your toes!
Your belt is unhookit,
Your cap is on crookit,
You may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabbers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly you through!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"A saint it ud sadden
To drill such a mug!
Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!
Chin up!—ye gossoon ye!
Ye've jaws like a goat—
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye whiskered orang-outrang, I'll fix you!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Yer figger wants paddin'.
Sure, man, ye've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders!
Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake, but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"My heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Ye're gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye—
'Tis halt! that I say—
Will ye heed what I told ye?
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Be jabbers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
What's work for the chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"I'll not stay a gaddin
Wid Dagoes like you.
I'll travel no farther,
I'm dying for—wather!
Can you loan me a quarther?
What, two?
And pay the potheen?
Whorroo! You'll do!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
The regiment's flattered to own ye, me spark!"
—Robert W. Chambers.

CULTURED OWLS.

'Tis said that Boston owls are so precise in their language that they change the ordinary owl call, and make it: "To-whom, to-whom, to-whom!"

DAMAGED GOODS.

A little Hebrew lad was inspecting the new baby, when he discovered a strawberry mark on the infant. He immediately exclaimed: "Take him back fader, it was damaged goods!" The wise little sister said: "We can't take it back, papa, for we've used it three days already."

MADE A DAISY.

An enthusiastic preacher discoursing on the wonderful works of the Creator, came up to his peroration thus: "The hand that shaped the ant, made the elephant; he that made Niagara made the dew drop, he that made me made a daisy." 'Twas sometime before he appreciated the hit he had made.

SEEING DOUBLE.

"Wh-wh-where c-c-an I find a cab?" asked an exhilarated club man of the policeman at one o'clock a. m. "Go to the next corner," said the cop, "you'll see two; take the first one, the other isn't there."

NOT ACCORDING TO CUSHING.

Hay fever does not follow parliamentary rules, for the eyes and the nose both have it.

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise noth-

ing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admiration rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.—Henry van Dkye.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

At the dedication of a parochial school in Washington, Pres. Roosevelt gave an address, and in it spoke these sensible words:

"The rules of good citizenship are tolerably simple. The trouble is not in finding them out; the trouble is in living up to them after they have been found out. I think we all of us know fairly well what qualities they are which in their sum make up the type of character we like to see in man or wife, son or daughter; but I am afraid we do not always see them as well developed as we would like to.

"I wish to see in the average American citizen the development of the two sets of qualities which we can roughly indicate as sweetness and strength—the qualities on the one hand which make the man able to hold his own and those which, on the other hand, make him jealous for the rights of others just as much as for his own rights. We must have both sets of qualities.

"In the first place, the man must have the power to hold his own. You probably know that I do not care very much for the coward or the moral weakling. I want each of you boys, and the girls as much, and each of you young men and young women, to have the qualities without which people may be amiable and pleasant while things go well, but without which they cannot succeed in times of stern trial. I wish to see in the man manliness, in the woman womanliness. I wish to see courage, perseverance, the willingness to face work, to face, you men, if it is necessary, danger; the determination not to shrink back when

temporarily beaten in life, as each one will be now and then, but to come up again and wrest triumph from defeat. I want to see you men strong men and brave men, and in addition I wish to see each man of you feel that his strength and his courage but make him the worse unless to that strength and courage are joined the qualities of tenderness toward those he loves, who are dependent upon him, and of right dealing with all his neighbors."

THE DOWN-TRODDEN.

FLOYD D. RAZE.

In nine times out of ten
When the whole "blamed world"
Is walking over you, and men
Sit down upon you, 'tis because you're curled
Up in the highway; 'tis because you sleep
Just where the wheels of time are wont to go,
Or if perchance you wake, you yawn and creep,
As if you thought the world would stop and wait
For you—just you.

But be not thus deceived;
The world moves on and on the same,
And you, although you're trodden down and grieved,
Have in your stupor failed to place the blame,
'Tis on yourself not others. You must keep
Awake if you would hope to get your due;
You cannot lie, like some poor worm, asleep,
For time and opportunity won't wait
For you—just you.

THE GAME.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

"To-day is the day of the game," yells my boy.
"Dad, how are you bettin'?
"The blue gainst the red all its skill will employ
In waging grim war o'er a bubble-like toy;
Each t'other one's standing will aim to destroy—
Say, how are you bettin'?"

Ah, boy, there's a game more intense than the one
On which you are betting;
A game that is fuller of fight than of fun—
A contest by skill-tempered strength to be won;
This game must go on till the set of life's sun—
Lad, how are you betting?

The lineup is You 'gainst the world as a whole;
And how are you betting?
The world is defending Success as a goal;
The fight's to a finish, the prize is your Soul;
The Fairest of Umpires is aye in control—
Boy, how are you betting?

BE A FRIEND TO MAN.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men goes by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

KEEP A GOIN'.

FRANK STANTON.

Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook and keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime?
Getting broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like sighing—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

HOW TO GIVE THREE CHEERS.

Many meetings desirous and capable of giving three cheers have made miserable failures of the attempt, because no one knew how to lead. 'Tis well to teach the art. There are four definite parts to a good cheer: (1) The proposition. (2) The initiative. (3) The cheers. (4) The "tiger."

The leader should propose in clear and ringing tones the

subject of the cheer; as, "Three cheers for Old Glory and the public schools!" He should follow this by saying quickly and emphatically the syllables: "Hip, hip." Then all should join in saying: "Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!" This should be followed immediately by an informal impulsive, spontaneous, hilarious yell. *"Three cheers for Old Glory* and *the public schools! hip! hip! hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, y—p!"*

WORKING MAN'S SONG.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags for dread of daily work
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime:
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do and store of health
The man's unworthy to be free
Who will not give
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No, let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great;
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our need,
And can retain,
From age and pain
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, our weight, our powers.
The more we work, the more we win:
Success to trade!
Success to spade.
And to the corn that's coming in;

And joy to him, who, o'er his task,
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
Who working thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humble wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
A leisure when his work is done.
To read his book
By chimney nook
Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils, as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free;
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

A LETTER TO THE COLLEGE BOY.

Now, boy, you're off to college. You leave home never to return. There'll doubtless be a lad of your name returning occasionally to that home, but the same boy will never come back. Will it be a manlier, truer, nobler, stronger, kinder lad? Father has an occasional misgiving and mother a heartache as their memory quickly runs the gamut of your boyhood life. Ah, lad, don't let the new scenes and associations make you for a moment forget the warm old hearts throbbing for you.

Keep clean, be true, win out!

In the first place make good in your studies; else your college career will be exceedingly short and not especially sweet. Lay out a specific time for study each school day, get your lessons a little better than "well enough"—in these days of competition big fortunes are made or lost on small margins. Take time each day for some healthy, out-door exercise and a systematic training in the "gym." Make good in baseball, football, track events if you can, but don't be fool enough to make athletics and sports your majors.

Choose good associates, but don't be clannish and snobby. One of the best things about a college course is the pleasure of choice and intimate association with tip-top acquaintances. The fun of a college course is a no mean factor in a happy life; but the fun must be of the kind that shall leave a good taste in the mouth.

Keep out of the saloons. You have no business there. For the sake of your own good name and that of your home and kin, be found in no place where you would be ashamed to have your father or mother see you. Use no language you would not be willing to have your mother hear. Treat every women with the courtesy and respect with which you would like to have your mother and sisters treated. Use no tobacco in any form. You'll see some of the professors using it, but on this subject dad knows as much as they do, and he wants you to wait till you are using none of his money before you take on the handicap of the tobacco habit.

Ally yourself with the Students' Christian Association and the Lecture Course. Use the library. Read the references given by your instructors. You will probably never have another time in your life to make companions of so many noble and inspiring books.

Attend divine services at least once each Sunday. It's a one-sided education that omits the moral and religious phase of a man's make up. Write home frequently.

And, finally, as our vigorous and typical American president says: "Fight fair, don't foul, and hit the line hard."

Yours for keeps,

"DAD."

A FLAG SALUTE.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one nation—indivisible—with liberty and justice for all."

Let pupils stand facing the flag. At the words my flag have them point with extended hand, palm upward, to the flag, holding the hand in this position to the close of the paragraph. Follow by a stanza or two of some good patriotic song.

MARK HANNA'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP.

There are teachers and teachers, or rather, there are teachers and drill masters. Under the drill master plodding mediocrity, with a good verbal memory, wins all the honors; originality of thought is an offense; independence of character and force of personality, an insult, and genius itself a thing to be regarded with suspicion.

In the Prospect street school in Cleveland, in 1851, there was a principal of the pronounced drill-master type. "Mind what I have to say and learn it as the book gives it," was his ultimatum—his ideal of the proper method to train character and mind.

But one day there came into the Prospect street school a very young man, "lithe and tall and slender," black-haired and gray-eyed, with a face at once strong and sympathetic. This was Emerson E. White, since one of the most famous teachers of the country, but then at the outset of his career. The Prospect street school was to be divided, and Mr. White was to take charge of the new school on Clinton street as soon as its building should be finished.

Mr. X. courteously invited Mr. White to take charge of the class then in recitation—a class in the ever-memorable Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic."

"The pupils have their numbers; read a problem and call on some number for the solution," he said.

Mr. White took the book, read out a problem, and called on No. 8 to solve it.

"Oh," said Mr. X., in disgust, "don't call on her; she never can do anything."

Mr. White glanced along the line, and at once identified No. 8—the sensitive, shrinking face dropping in an agony of shame and misery. He grasped the situation at once. "I will read it again," he said gently, "so that you may be sure you understand it." He read it, slowly and clearly, then walked down the line of pupils and stood by No. 8, so that he was between her and Mr. X., the sight of whom, he perceived, filled her with confusion and terror.

"Now you can do it," he said, reassuringly; and to her own delighted astonishment No. 8, who had never had the courage to speak an audible word to Mr. X., spoke up distinctly and went through the solution without a hitch.

"The child came home from school that day perfectly transfigured," said her mother. "I could not believe my eyes when I looked at her."

Presently the Clinton street building was finished, and Mr. White came into the Prospect street school, and read out the names of the pupils who, by the division of the district, were assigned to him. Happy No. 8 was among them, and several other girls who have since become distinguished women, while the boys included Marcus Hanna, also Sylvester Everett, Albert Tuttle, two distinguished citizens of Cleveland, and, in the lower class, John D. Rockefeller and A. L. Bartholomew of Iowa.

One would suppose even a drill master might have discerned some signs of ability in that collection of young people; but Mr. X., perhaps vexed at their evident pleasure, made the ungracious remark, as he surveyed the line of pupils:

"I don't begrudge you the lot; there isn't a scholar among them."

To the utter amazement and the consternation of the school, timid, silent No. 8 turned in a blaze of indignation and cried:

"How dare you say such a thing? We will be twenty per cent ahead of your school in two years! Mark it!" and walked out of the door.

The gauntlet had been fairly thrown at Mr. X.'s feet, and the Clinton street school was determined to make good the challenge or perish in the attempt. Perhaps they would have succeeded in any case; but, considering the material of which most boys and girls are made, it is very doubtful whether their indignation would have held them to the mark for two years of strenuous work if the born leader and organizer had not been on the spot.

Marcus Hanna did not content himself with learning his own lessons. It was no individual triumph, but a class

victory that was needed, and that could only be won by concerted effort. For six months, by his arrangement and under his leadership, the class met out of school hours to drill each other in their lessons and strengthen the defenses. Emerson White did all that any teacher could to help and direct, but it was Marcus Hanna that kept the class all at work. There was a prize for drawing. Marcus agreed with a certain number of the class to go out early in the morning and sketch from nature. As surely as morning came there was Marcus, under their several successive windows, throwing pebbles at the panes to awaken them. In short, he organized victory in 1853 as he organized it on a larger field in 1896. No. 8's "Mark it!" was caught up as a sort of class word, and it was partly owing to the frequency and emphasis of Marcus's use of the phrase that his own name was shortened to the abbreviated form it has ever since retained.

The class won, of course. They beat the old school by the stipulated per cent, and Mark Hanna himself took the prize for map drawing.

As for the little flaxen-haired John D. Rockefeller, in the lower class, his lessons were no trouble; he could learn them in ten minutes, and had abundant leisure and superabundant energy and enterprise to devise mischief. Emerson White frequently requested his kind assistance to put work on the blackboard, and so forth; but all the resources of pedagogical ingenuity were taxed in vain to find extra work enough to keep John D. Rockefeller out of mischief. In this dilemma Mr. White said confidentially to some of the girls: "We must all do our best to find things to keep John busy. Now, when I send him to help one of you girls with your work, you must always need help." Thereafter, when other employment failed, John Rockefeller was problems or draw their maps—to the great advantage of usefully occupied in helping some of the girls to solve their the peace and prosperity of the school. Now, Emerson White, after a long and honored life, thirty years superintendent of the Cincinnati schools, organizer and president of the National Educational Association, etc., is spending

his declining years in a beautiful home in Columbus, O., the gift of John D. Rockefeller, in grateful recognition of the teacher who knew how to manage a mischievous boy.

[Mr. White died in 1902.—Ed.]

—The Independent.

SHONNY SCHWARTZ.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Haf you seen mine leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Mit his hair so soft und yellow,
Und his face so blump and mellow;
Sooch a funny leedle fellow—
Shonny Schwartz?

Efry mornings dot young Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Rises mit der preak off day,
Und does his chores oup right avay;
For he gan vork so vell as blay—
Shonny Schwartz.

Mine Katrina says to Shonny,
"Shonny Schwartz,
Helb your barents all you gan,
For dis life vas bud a shban;
Py and py you'll been a man,
Shonny Schwartz."

How I lofes to see dot Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Vhen he schgampers off to school,
Vhere he alvays minds der rule!
For he vas nopody's fool—
Shonny Schwartz.

How I vish dot leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Could remain von leedle poy—
Alvays full off life und shoy,
Und dot Time vould not annoy
Shonny Schwartz!

Nefer mindt, mine leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz;
Efry day prings someding new;
Alvays keep der righdt in view,
Und baddle, den, your own canoe,
Shonny Schwartz.

Keep her in der shannel, Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz;
Life's voyich vill pe quickly o'er;
Und den ubon dot bedder shore
Ve'll meet again, to bart no more,
Shonny Schwartz.

AMONG THE HILLS.

PRELUDE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep

On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.
No time is this for hands long over-worn
To task their strength: and (unto Him be praise
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain
Of years that did the work of centuries
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once more
Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.
And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
Proud of field-lore and harvest craft; and feeling
All their fine possibilities; how rich
And restful even poverty and toil
Become when beauty, harmony and love
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock
The symbol of a Christian chivalry,
Tender and just and generous to her
Who clothes with grace all duty; still, I know
Too well the picture has another side.
How wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear
And heart are starved amidst the plentitude
Of nature, and how hard and colorless
Is life without an atmosphere. I look
Across the lapse of half a century,
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower

Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock, in place
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose
And honeysuckle, where the housewalls seemed
Blistering in the sun, without a tree or vine
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
Across the curtainless windows from whose panes
Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness;
Within, the cluttered kitchen floor, unwashed
(Broom-clean I think they called it), the best room
Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless
Save the inevitable sampler hung
Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath
Impossible willows; the wide throated hearth
Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies,
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;
For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;
For them in vain October's holocaust
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,
The sacramental mystery of the woods.
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
And winter pork with the least possible outlay
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
Showing as little actual comprehension
Of Christian charity and love and duty,
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been

Outdated like a last year's almanac:
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
The sun and air his sole inheritance,
Laughed at poverty that paid its taxes,
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!
Not such should be the homesteads of a land
Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make
His hour of leisure richer than a life
Of fourscore to the barons of old time,
Our yeoman should be equal to his home,
Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,
A man to match his mountains, not to creep
Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain
In this light way (of which I needs must own
With the knife grinder of whom Canning sings,
"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!")
Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
The beauty and the joy within their reach,—
Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes
Of nature free to all. Haply in years
That wait to take the places of our own,
Heard where some breezy balcony looks down
On happy homes or where the lake in the moon
Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,
In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine
May seem the burden of a prophecy,
Finding its late fulfilment in a change
Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up
Through broader culture, finer manners, love
And reverence, to the level of the hills.
O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things

Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard has sung
Or seer has told of when in trance and dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong; but give the heart
The freedom of its fair inheritance;
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,
At Nature's table feast his ear and eye
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies
Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon
The princely guest, whether in soft attire
Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,
And, lending life to the dead form of faith,
Give human nature reverence for the sake
Of One who bore it, making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of God;
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us, make
Man more precious than the gold of Ophir.
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister, as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfills
The one great purpose of creation, Love,
The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

[From Riverside edition of Whittier's complete works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.]

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her,—because they love him.

[From Riverside edition of Whittier's complete works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.]

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh, young man,
  When troubles come,
Instead of sitting around so sour and glum?
  You can not have all play
  And sunshine every day;
When troubles come, I say,
  Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help
  To sooth
The aches and pains. No road of life
  Is smooth;
There's many an unseen hump
And many a hidden stump
O'er which you will have to jump.
  Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your
  Spirits wilt;
Don't sit and cry because the
  Milk you've spilt;
If you would mend it now,
Pray let me tell you how,
Just milk another cow;
  Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? And make us
All laugh, too,
And keep us mortals all from getting blue?
A laugh will always win;
If you can't laugh just grin;
Come on—let's all join in;
Why don't you laugh?
—The Independent.

STAND FIRM.

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

Is yours the post of duty,—danger, too?
It is the only work a man should do,
Attention! Eyes in front! Now see it through;
Stand firm!

The hardest task,—that falterers may shun,—
Ah, that is where the laurel's to be won;
How sweet the victor-song at setting sun!
Stand firm!

The prophet-soul,—the martyr,—singing free
In clearer ether,—though we can not see,—
Yet hover near us, bidding you and me
Stand firm!

I think the restless spirits of the brave
Are calling,—far above the sodden grave,—
"Protect the heritage we died to save—
Stand firm!"

In distant futures,—when our children try
The deathless battle 'twixt the pit and sky,—
May we inspire them with this ringing cry:
"Stand firm!"

BENEDICTION.

Here's health to all those that I love,
Here's health to all those that love me;
Here's health to all those that love those that I love,
And to those that love those that love me.

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